

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 92.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST 6½D.



THE LATE GEORGE BELMORE.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

CROYDON RACES.
NOV. 27 and 30, and DEC. 1 and 2.
SPECIAL FAST TRAINS,

AT ORDINARY FIRST AND THIRD CLASS FARES,
TO WOODSIDE RACECOURSE STATION AND BACK.

LEAVING	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Charing-cross	at	... 11 20	11 30	...	11 45
Waterloo	"	11 22	11 32	...	11 50
Cannon-street	"	11 10	...	11 40	
London Bridge	"	11 15	11 25	11 38	11 45
New-cross	"	11 25	11 38	...	

Returning after the Races by Special Trains as required.

Tickets available on the day of issue only.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

CROYDON RACES, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, and
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, NOV. 30, and
DEC. 1 and 2—Cheap Trains to Norwood Junction Station for the Race-
course as under:

VICTORIA—10.15, 11.3, and 11.20 a.m., and 1.25 p.m., calling at York-
road, Clapham Junction, and Balham.

KENSINGTON—9.55 and 11.0 a.m., and 12.28 p.m., calling at West
Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea.

LONDON BRIDGE (Brighton Railway)—10.5, 10.15, 10.50, and 11.15
a.m., and 12.5 and 1.5 p.m., calling at New-cross, Brockley, and
Forest Hill.

RETURNING from Norwood Junction after the Races.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT,
London Bridge Terminus.

General Manager.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—EXTRA TRAINS—
A New Express-Train, consisting of First-Class Carriages, and in-
cluding a PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR, will run Every Weekday,
between Victoria and Brighton, as under:

A.M.	P.M.
VICTORIA..... dep. 10 45	BRIGHTON..... dep. 5 45
BRIGHTON..... arr. 11 58	VICTORIA..... arr. 6 58

This Train will convey Passengers at the usual Express Fares each way,
a small extra charge being made for the Pullman Drawing-Room Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-
Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction
and Croydon.

Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-
Class Train, including a Special Train at 8.30 p.m.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY
SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m.,
calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at
Croydon (East).

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium
and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available
to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General office, 28, Regent-
circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT,
London Bridge Terminus.

General Manager.

FIRST ANNUAL FINE-ART EXHIBITION,
1876, of the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER
GARDEN.

ART COMMITTEE.

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A. The Earl of Clarendon.	R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A. Lord Alfred Paget.
W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A. Lord de Lisle and Dudley.	Henry Weeks, Esq., R.A. Lord Skelmersdale.
E. W. Wyon, Esq.	E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A. S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.
General Cotton, C.S.I.	H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A. E. J. Coleman, Esq.
G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A.	J. R. Planche, Esq.
G. A. Cruikshank, Esq.	The Earl of Dunraven.
F. A. Marshall, Esq.	Lord Newry.
Baron Alfred Rothschild.	Joseph Durham, Esq., A.R.A.
Lord Carrington.	
Tom Taylor, Esq.	

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil
Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best
Water Colour Painting, and the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best
piece of Sculpture. Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be
placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit.
No Work of Art which is not bona fide the property of the artist is eligible
for a prize.

The Executive have instituted an Art Union, and prizes to the amount of
£3000 will be distributed among Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders,
and these prizes will be selected mainly from the Society's Galleries.

The Society will be PREPARED to RECEIVE WORKS OF ART on
and after DEC. 10 next.

Intending exhibitors can obtain a copy of the rules and regulations on
application to the Secretary of the Art Committee, Broadway Chambers,
Westminster.

BALLOT of FELLOWS.—The last BALLOT of
FELLOWS in the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and
WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY, previous to the raising of the entrance-fee,
will take place on Dec. 1. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of joining the
Society should, at once send to the Secretary for application forms.
Fellows are entitled to a ticket in the Art-Union of the Society, the first
prize in which will be of £1000.

Skating-Rink.

The executive have great pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the
numerous other attractions of the building, a site has been secured on which a
Skating-Rink will be opened. This Rink will be reserved on three days of
the week for the exclusive use of the Fellows.

Privileges of Fellows.

1. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together
with the privilege of writing orders for two.

2. All Fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the
Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all
occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the
reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the
Society.

3. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members,
and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be
amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

4. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no
Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the
Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—This will be the LAST BALLOT previous to the
proposed raising of the Entrance Fee or Donation from 5 to 8 guineas.
Forms of application must be sent in not later than Dec. 1.

M.R.

SOTHERN'S
PROVINCIAL TOUR.

DUBLIN, T. B. Nov. 22 to Dec. 4.
BELFAST, T. R. Dec. 6 to .. 18.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British
Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and rare concentration of
the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA
COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by
Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS,
London, Sole Proprietors.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a
weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous
derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish
circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of
new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new
health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an
effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained
in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists;
any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-
court-road, London.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT

in the great Irish Drama SHAUGHRAUN, illustrated with beautiful
scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the WHITE
HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d.
to 24s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10
till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and
Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Farce,
in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, A HAPPY MEDIUM, supported
by Messrs. C. Warner, Everill, Weathersby; Miss Minnie Walton, Miss
M. Harris, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy
by H. J. Byron, entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Characters by Mr.
Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne,
Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison,
and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at
7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting
Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

LYCEUM.—MACBETH.—EVERY EVENING
at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman
(Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by THE WEDDING DAY. Box-office open daily
from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys."
At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron;
concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren,
Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy
Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c.
Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and
Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, TWO
TO ONE. At 7.45, WEAK WOMAN—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Stephenson,
Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, Lavis, and Ada Swanborough.
At 9.30, LOO—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Marius; Mesdames Venne, F. Hughes,
Jones, &c.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,
Sole Lessee and Manager.—Great Success of the TICKET-OF-LEAVE
MAN. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, FAMILY JARS. Followed, at 8, by
Tom Taylor's famous drama, the TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. Doors
open at 7. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. No booking fees. Prices from
6d. to 23s.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Park-street,
Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.—EVERY EVENING, SWEET-
HEARTS AND WIVES. On Monday, Nov. 29, will be performed for the
sixth time here Hervé's celebrated Opéra-Bouffe entitled CHILPERIC, in
which Miss Emily Soldene will appear in the title rôle, supported by a
most powerful and talented combination of artists. The Orchestra,
Chorus, Costumes, and mise en scène are equal in every respect to any
hitherto seen in London. Mlle. Sara, and Coryphees, in a New Grand
Divertissement. Boxes, Stalls, and Seats can be engaged now. No fee
for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and
Manager, Mr. Hare.—LAST TEN NIGHTS. At 8, the highly successful
Comedy, by Hamilton Aidé, A NINE DAYS' WONDER. Characters
by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston
Murray), Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Hollingshead; Mr. Kendal, Mr.
Kemble, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Preceded by A MORNING CALL—
Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. To conclude with UNCLE'S WILL—Miss
Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Acting Manager
and Treasurer, Mr. Huy.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole
Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. On
MONDAY, and every Evening during the week (except Thursday), to
commence, at 7, with the successful Drama of SENTENCED TO DEATH;
or, Paid in His Own Coin, by Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettit. Messrs.
Geo. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses
E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. VIOLETTA. To conclude with "The Duke's
Crest." On Wednesday conclude with "Black Eyed Susan." On Thursday,
"Pizarro," Incidentally, "Oliver Twist." Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse
Roques.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass.
Mr. PENNINGTON, the eminent Tragedian; Miss Eloise Juno; supported
by a powerful company. MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, HAMLET.
TUESDAY and THURSDAY, RICHARD III. and KATHERINE and
PETRUCHIO. FRIDAY, OTHELLO. On SATURDAY a Special Performance.
Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Conclude with, on Monday,
Wednesday, and Friday, CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY
EVENING, at 6.45, HARVEST STORM—Messrs. Charlton, Fox,
Reeve, Parry; Miss Rayner. MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT—The Sisters
Howes, Duettists; Dancing-Mad Bryan; the Murray and White's Minstrels
(seven in number). After which PERLA, written by E. Manuel, Esq.—
Perla, Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Bell, Bigwood, Lewis,
Hyde; Miss Adams, Mrs. Newham. To conclude with THE SWISS
CHURCH—Messrs. Charlton, Lewes; Mdlles. Bellair, Julia Summers.

A L H A M B R A T H E A T R E.
Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.
SPECTRESHEIM, a success unparalleled—William Rignold, H.
Walsham, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro,
Marion West, and Emma Chambers. The Majiltons, the Trois Diabiles, in
their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of amazement
and enthusiasm. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45
nightly. ALHAMBRA.

ALHAMBRA.—THE FLOWER QUEEN.—NEW
GRAND BALLET D'ACTION by M. LAURI. Magnificent Scenery
by Albert Calcott. Gorgeous Costumes by Miss Fisher, from designs by
Alfred Maitby. Novel Mechanical Effect by Sloman and Son.—Mdlles.
PITTERI, PERTOLDI, and upwards of One Hundred Corps de Ballet
Music selected, arranged, and composed by M. JACOBI.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL
AMPHITHEATRE.—The great and magnificent Spectacle, MAZEPPA,
the Wild Horse of Tartary, never received the same amount of patronage
under any other management, the great Amphitheatre being nightly
crowded.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL
AMPHITHEATRE.—Buses, Trams, Boats, and Railways from all
parts of London and the suburbs to Westminster Bridge, within one minute's
walk to the doors of this most fashionable and elegant Theatre. The Circus,
the Hippodrome, the great Contortionist Gymnasts, and the great Dramatic
Company appear nightly, the performances terminating at 10.35 p.m.
Observe! The most gorgeous spectacle of MAZEPPA—Miss LISA WEBER
in the great character of Mazeppa.

Box-office open daily, from 10 till 4, under the superintendence of Mr.
Drysdale. No charge for booking, and no fees for officials. Open every
evening at 6.30; commence at 7. Private Boxes, 1 to 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.;
Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls and Boxes, 2s.; Upper Circle, 1s. 6d.;
Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. SANGER.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL
AMPHITHEATRE.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the crowded state of the Theatre, and constant demand
for seats, the Management beg to announce TWO more SPECIAL MORNING
PERFORMANCES of MAZEPPA and Scenes in the Circle—viz., MONDAY,
NOV. 22, and SATURDAY, NOV. 27, commencing at 2 o'clock each day.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW,
AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.
MONDAY, DEC. 6, at 2 o'clock p.m. Admission, Five Shillings.
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a.m.
Admission, One Shilling.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.,
having completed extensive and important additions to the various machines used by
him in the manufacture of

GOLD ORNAMENTS,

will supply, at greatly reduced prices for cash on delivery, the following articles:

18-CARAT GOLD WATCH-CHAINS,

For LADIES or GENTLEMEN, any Pattern, at

£4 5 per Ounce.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS (PLAIN),

For One or Two Portraits, any Size, at

£5 per Ounce.

MR. STREETER

also calls attention to

THE ENGAGED RING,

Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,

FOR £5.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. A. C.—Promising, but not up to our standard.
I SAY.—We have handed your note to "Straxt."

D.—We can only afford space for the first stanza of "The Bowler's Song":—

When daily duty's done,
Ere Sol his course has run,
The Bowler gaily seeks the grassy sward;
And here, with jovial friends
His well-earned leisure spends
With true delight that simple joys afford.

Chorus—Then Bowlers, let's away;
The sun's declining ray
Is tinging all the fields with golden sheen.
I've done good work to-day,
And still have time to play
A merry game of bowls upon the green.

POST.—(1) Yes; but not yet on our account. Six months' severe study in an Art School would do you no harm. (2) If for direct reproduction by means of a process like that exemplified in Mr. Matt Stretch's study of Phelps, ink of undoubted blackness is the best medium. (3.) "Fill in" your own "details."

FRADELL and MARSHALL.—Thanks for the portrait.

R. K., Dailymount.—Why not exemplify your meaning in a series of drawings of your own making? We are sincerely grateful for the interest you take in our "nice paper," and should be only too happy to afford you the opportunity of proving that Messrs. Sturgess and Moore ought to have communicated with you before they attempted to depict horses and hounds in motion.

R. E., Jarrow.—Thanks; but you are unfortunately too remote from London to warrant our taking the step you desire.

G.D.G.—We were under the impression that we had thankfully acknowledged the sketches in this column. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

L. P. T., Tarporley.—The drawing to which you refer was not ready in time. It will, however, appear before the close of the season.

N. M.—We have much pleasure in printing your seasonable paper in our present Number, and shall be glad to hear from you again.

SHOOTING.

DUBIOUS, Birmingham.—1. If Mr. Pape, gunmaker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, did invent the "choke-bore" system of boring how is it he does not proceed against the remainder of the gun trade generally for manufacturing such barrels without paying him a "royalty." 2. Our scale for gun-trade advertisements is 9d. per line, from which we never deviate.

W. G. G., Chatham.—1. Gale's method for making gunpowder non-explosive was by mixing it with three times its volume of powdered glass. 2. Mr. Holland, gunmaker, of Bond-street, has any amount of "pea rifles" of the kind you want.

HENRY MACNAUGHTEN.—1. Barrels were first grooved or rifled at Vienna about 1498. 2. The size generally used is 8-gauge, charge 6 drachms of powder, weight of gun about 11lb. 3. Ten-gauge guns carry 5 drachms and weigh 10lb to 10½lb. 4. Moore and Gray's "long-range" cartridges are what you want: see our advertising columns.

A LINCOLNSHIRE YEOMAN.—The statute 9 Anne, c. xxv., prohibited the taking of wildfowl by "hayes, tunnels, or other nets," between July 1 and Sept. 1.

CANINE.

L. F.—A Dandie's tail should have no feather—or, at all events, very little. You had better wait until the points have been finally settled by the Dandie Dinmont Club, now in course of formation.

LEX.—Of course the committee is liable. Send in your claim, and stick to it.

NORTH-COUNTRYMAN.—Rub in sulphur ointment, which will certainly allay the inflammation. Make the ointment yourself, using one part flowers of sulphur to seven parts lard.

C.—(1) It is impossible to answer such absurd questions as "which breed of dogs is the most valuable?" (2) Dog-breeding is not very likely to be made profitable by a gentleman; there are too many sharp dealers in the business, with whom you cannot compete on equal terms. Rest and be thankful if you can make your kennel pay its own expenses.

OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26.—Warwick Races. Quex Park, Patshull, and Kirkgunzeon Coursing Meetings continued. Jesus College (Cambridge) Sports concluded. Pembroke College (Oxford) Sports (first day). Dumfries Poultry Show (last day).

SATURDAY, Nov. 27.—Warwick Races (last day). Croydon Flat Races. Pembroke College, Oxford, Sports concluded. Clare College (Cambridge)—Open event, 150-Yards Handicap. Cambridge University Bicycle Club—Railway Bridge for Linton. Surrey Athletic Club—Short run and Club Supper. Spartan Harriers—Slow run. Railway Clearing-House Harriers—Slow run over Steeplechase Course. South London Harriers—Cross-country run. Cheshire Tally-Ho Hare and Hounds, at Weston-super-Mare. East Somerset Athletic Society. Birmingham Cattle, Dog, and Poultry Shows commence.

SUNDAY, Nov. 28.—La Marche Races.

MONDAY, Nov. 29.—Messrs. Tattersall's Sale at Albert-gate. Clare College (Cambridge)—Open event, 150-Yards Handicap. Billiard-match between J. Roberts, jun. (champion), and Taylor, Gloucester Hotel, Oxford-street.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30.—Croydon Steeplechases (first day). Newmarket Champion Coursing Meeting commences. Liddesdale Club Coursing Meeting. Peterhouse College (Cambridge)—Open event, 140-Yards' Handicap.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 1.—Croydon Steeplechases (second day). Purslane Coursing Meeting.

THURSDAY, Dec. 2.—Croydon Steeplechases (last day). Workington Coursing Meeting.

FRIDAY, Dec. 3.—Workington Coursing Meeting continued.

SATURDAY, Dec. 4.—Smithfield Club Cattle Show: judging. Football Matches on Blackheath, &c. Surrey Athletic Club—Open Steeplechase. Railway Clearing House Harriers—Steeplechase, four miles.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

Circular Notes.

THE Echo's special vivisector, who has been told off to make interesting "preparations" of the miserable principals and nervous witnesses in the Wainwright trial, has done his work in a manner that ought to secure him honourable mention in the columns of the *London Clipper* and the *Police News*. Here are a few examples of the vivisector's touch. "Henry Wainwright was perfectly immobile for long spaces of time together." "Alice Day is a middle-sized, rather pleasant-looking fair girl, with

light eyebrows, lighter lashes, and a good deal of pretty light auburn hair—evidently its natural tint—turned right back from her rather high forehead, two long curls hanging down her back. She was dressed in a dark sealskin jacket, had a blue ruff-frill round her neck, and had on a grey straw hat trimmed with grey, and a long drooping grey feather, while a pair of showy ornaments depended from her ears." It will be seen from the line which we have italicised that the writer's strong point is hair. In fact, he revels in hair—like a mad perruquier. He dwells with loving minuteness on the samples of it which "had been taken from the dead body and from the grave. Both were of a reddish auburn hue, the smaller lock found in the grave being decidedly darker in tint, but this was explained by the announcement that the larger lock had been partly washed." We commend the vivisector. He "scents which pays the best"—in cheap journalism—"and then goes into it baldheaded."

"Constant dropping," &c. The *Family Herald*, which has been so often indebted to our pages for its good stories, has at length deigned to mention us by name. For this relief much thanks.

The millennium is at hand, and no thanks to Dr. Cumming. It is to be brought about by a Mr. F. Wilson, who, in his own proper person, represents what he calls the Comprehensive Church of England (a somewhat faintly nebulous Church, by the way), besides being the author of an unpublished dictionary of the more or less English language. To audiences fit—very fit—though, unhappily, few, Mr. Wilson holds forth once a week from the Doughty Hall platform. He is eager to be intrusted with the task of remodelling English society after the fashion advocated by certain feeble enthusiasts who, upwards of twenty years since, amused themselves with "a model parish mission." Dr. Richardson has been diverting himself in a similar way by building a hygienic castle in the clouds. Mr. Wilson's plan is thus characteristically described:—"It was a wise decision of a board of guardians to rebuild the workhouse, and not pull the old one down until the new one was constructed. It meant, begin at one corner, and rebuild that on a good foundation, upright and horizontal, to stand for ever, and then there would be no more trouble about it. He (Mr. Wilson) proposed to do the same with our policy, and begin at a corner with a piece; but have the whole plan of reconstruction prepared beforehand, so that, as we go inching along, we shall always be right and square. England is in parishes. Re-congregate each parish to a population between 1500 and 2500, averaging 2000, under the supervision of five persons as guardians, five years, if unchallenged, in office; one to retire every year. The parishes also each elect one representative to the district council, the council supervising sixteen parishes. The council elect a diocesan representative as a chapter; each chapter elects a dean, who will sit in the place of the present House of Lords, and the House of Deans elect sixteen archkeepers of the Constitution. These are the law-upholders, the law-makers, to secure a balance of stability in the Lower House of Parliament. The councils and the sixteen parishes each elect a member for the Lower House, and the decisions of the Lower House may be questioned by a chapter for reconsideration in the next Session of Parliament. Each member retires in succession, after five years of representation, as soon as the gradation can be introduced. The same succession will be followed with the archkeepers. The idea is—the uncertainty of tenure will keep them attentive; and in the good government the people can mind their own business and not be distracted by a controversy between unstable policies." Why, oh! why does not Mr. Wilson join the expedition to New Guinea?

In a speech which he delivered at New Shildon, the other day, Mr. J. W. Pease, M.P., related an anecdote of Mr. Mewburn, the first solicitor of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which, we think, is deserving of repetition. An old farmer called upon Mr. Mewburn, when the following dialogue ensued:—The farmer said that a man had owed him some money. "Well," said Mr. Mewburn, "what then?" The farmer replied, "He says he winna pay me." "Have you ever asked him?" observed Mr. Mewburn. "Yes," replied the farmer. "And what did he say?" rejoined Mr. Mewburn. "He said he wadn't," remarked the farmer. "And what did you say?" added Mr. Mewburn. "I said he wad," continued the farmer. "And what did he say?" rejoined Mr. Mewburn. "He said he wadn't, was it ever sae," replied the farmer. "And what did you say then?" continued Mr. Mewburn. "I replied I would mak' him." "And what did he say?" "He said I might gan tae the divvil, and sae I've come to you."

George Robins will never die out of the recollection of those Northerners who were familiar with his fine Roman hand so long as Mr. Thomas Watson issues his deliciously grandiose proclamations. Here is an extract from one of them:—

A superb stock of hardy bulbous and tuberous plants, including "Eucomis-punctata," "Adonis vernalis," "Eurhronium," "Bobartia," "Bravogeminiflora," and other costly specimens, delightful examples of floral beauty and rarity, the zenith of perfection as compared with any previous competitive arrangement. Sale at six in the evening, without reserve. The race will therefore be "to the swift," "the battle to the strong," and victory to the most persistent bidder. Many be the lots—limited the time. Be punctual.

The Judicature Act does not appear to find favour in the eyes of country solicitors any more than it does in those of metropolitan legal practitioners. It is, for example, the opinion of Mr. Nixon, of Barnard Castle, pronounced gratuitously for the instruction of a mechanics' institute audience, that the profession of which he is a member, "seems to be moving backwards. Laws were made and passed which upset and altered things, and just lately they had got an affair which was called the 'Judicature Act,' and a pretty farce it was. He called it the 'Punch and Judy-cature' Act. Then there were no attorneys now. They were 'Solicitors

of the Supreme Court of Judicature.' He wanted to be sworn to an affidavit the other day, and the solicitor to whom he went did not know what to style himself, so had to write to London to learn before his affidavit could be completed."

Shakspeare's Almanack and Companion for 1876 still labours under the disadvantage of being too low-priced. As a shilling, or even a sixpenny, book it would enjoy a circulation commensurate with its choice merits. The calendar is most happily done, as these extracts will show:

The diamonds of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich
is used on Jan. 10, apropos of the action of Rubery against
Grant and Sampson.

Nay! if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,
I cannot scratch mine ear,
is quoted in reference to the action of "Charlton v. Hay."
In our opinion, however, Captain Boyton has less right to

His bold head 'bove the contentious waves,
And oared himself with his good arms in lusty stroke,
than Captain Webb, although the line
This is no fish, but an islander!
is not without its quaint applicability. Referential to the
memorable visit of Moody and Sankey, the *Almanack*
asks—
Hath not the boy profited?

We are unable to reply.

"An American journalist called Stephen Fiske, who for a brief period was sufficiently well known in the minor theatrical circles of London, has been distinguishing himself recently in New York." Marry come up, Mr. Ledger! What do you mean? Your method of fighting is—*your* method, and we devoutly trust that nobody will ever dispute with you the monopoly thereof; but it is not pretty. Separated, as you are, from Mr. Fiske by the breadth of the Atlantic, it is an easy and a harmless exercise to play at stoning Stephen. Would you have done likewise if he had lived in the adjoining parish? We doubt it. And what *do* you mean by minor theatrical circles? The opposite of those to which you are admitted?

A leading actor of ineffably refined instincts has declared his intention of withdrawing from a club that is nearly as famous—not quite, but nearly—as he is. He finds that he is not at home with the kind of men he meets there. He is right. They are, for the most part, intellectual men. They have never been at home with him.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BELMORE.

As our readers are already aware, Mr. George Benjamin Garstin, professionally known as George Belmore (formerly, we believe, for a brief period, before the playgoing public as Mr. Garstone Belmore), died, in New York, after a short illness, on Monday week. It is almost unnecessary to say to readers of this journal that he was a famous actor of what are known as character-parts and exceedingly popular in private life. The earliest portion of his career was spent, about the year 1849, in Devonshire, upon what was called "Palmer's Circuit." He played then "utility" parts—a phrase which means everything and anything. Palmer managed what in theatrical parlance is called a "fit-up." Rough and various must have been the theatrical experience of George Belmore at that period. The present writer recollects him when he was principal low comedian in a company which, under Mr. J. W. Benson—a connection of the Beverley family—used to work the South Shields, Durham, and Stockton circuit. He was a great favourite, as much for his careful impersonations, many of which evinced original talent of a rare kind, as for his really artistic buffo-singing. The admirable way he used to make-up for and realise the elaborate medley songs at that time identified with the name of Sam Cowell is remembered with keen pleasure to this day. "His first recognised appearance as a comedian (to quote from a contemporary) was made at the Marylebone Theatre on Boxing Night, 1856, when he appeared as Bokes in Mr. Shirley Brooks's drama of *The Creole; or, Love's Letters*. Mr. S. Emery was at this time the manager. In the following January an impressive three-act drama was here brought out, called *Ruth Oakley*, in which Mr. Belmore represented the leader of a strolling company with marked success. The first character which exhibited the higher gifts he possessed was that of Softy, in Mr. Cheltnam's version of *Aurora Floyd*, produced at the Princess's Theatre, March 11, 1863; and so remarkable was this delineation that the most sanguine predictions were made of his future career. After appearing at Drury-Lane Theatre in a number of strongly-contrasted characters, which he sustained with equal ability, Mr. Belmore was specially engaged to open the Holborn Theatre in October, 1866, as the old jockey, Nat Gosling, in Mr. Boucicault's drama of *Flying Scud*, which, it will be remembered, ultimately obtained a run of more than 200 nights. When the old man threw off his coat in the Derby scene, and donned the yellow jacket to win the race imperilled by the hussing of the young jockey, the thrill of excitement running through the house was due quite as much to the skill of the actor as the force of the situation. The last character Mr. Belmore played in this country was Newman Noggs, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, at the Adelphi, which he acted till the end of July, when he left for America. Mr. George Belmore was married, at Tottenham, on April 16, 1862, to Miss Alice Maud Cooke, daughter of Mr. William Cooke, previously proprietor of Astley's Amphitheatre." The greatest sympathy is everywhere expressed for his widow and children, in whose behalf, we are glad to hear, an entertainment will shortly be given at the Adelphi Theatre, which house has been placed at the disposal of the relief committee by Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Our Portrait is copied from a striking likeness of the deceased comedian taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott, N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advt.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation hereof.—[Advt.]

SPORT IN INDIA.

HOWDAH ELEPHANT BOLTING.

There is a sense of grandeur and dignity about riding in a howdah, which, however, does not in any way compensate for the discomfort; for be it observed that the howdah is far from easy going, and the gait of the elephant is the reverse of the "poetry of motion." In some of the more unsophisticated districts of Lower Bengal we have ridden on an elephant on whose back has been simply placed a sort of huge feather-bed, bound round his body with ropes, to which one is obliged to cling with a sort of desperation, as the huge beast shambles across country, taking mounds and nullahs alike in his stride, and regardless of the dislocations, if nothing worse, to which he may subject his luckless riders. The favourite, as it is perhaps the safest, way of going out tiger-shooting is on an elephant, and many a king of the jungle has fallen before the deadly rifle directed at him from the howdah. In a thickly-wooded country the comparative safety of the howdah, under certain circumstances, is decidedly counterbalanced by the danger to which it exposes its occupants under others. The elephant gets frightened and refuses to obey the mahout; he dashes wildly for the nearest tope of trees, and then, indeed, it is a case of *sauve qui peut*. There is, of course, a chance of some providential escape; but it is a hundred to one that the frail structure (for the height of which the poor elephant can make no allowance), in passing under a huge banyan-tree, catches some sturdy, unyielding branch, with what result may be easier imagined than described. Accidents such as these are, happily, of rare

occurrence. Still, we have known them, and a celebrated tiger-hunter in the vicinity of Purneah, whom we knew, and who has killed in his time to his own gun a Royal Bengal for every day in the year, can tell of several hair-breadth escapes he has had from his elephant bolting under such circumstances. Sport would be nothing without just a spice of peril; but there are perils and perils, and we do not envy that particular form of it which consists in being shot off the back of one's animal like a sack of coals, and, if no worse happens, having to walk, sore and bruised, through a dangerous jungle to the nearest position of safety, leaving our more fortunate friends whose elephants are more courageous or under better control to reap the glories of the day.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING.

OUR Illustrations this week represent incidents of a sport in the far East which, though not so exciting as that in which the Prince of Wales has lately indulged at Baroda, is perhaps not less enjoyable on the whole, and is not confined to one locality, but is universally followed all over India. We allude to antelope-hunting. In the southern parts of India scratch packs of dogs are formed at most stations, and, were it not for the miscellaneous character of the field, one might almost fancy oneself out for a day with the Queen's. But the favourite plan is to pursue the deer on foot, and, selecting the tallest upstanding buck from the herd, bring him down with a well-directed bullet behind the shoulder at 150 yards, or as much nearer as the wary habits of these animals will allow you to approach.

The writer was at Benares many years ago, and stayed for a few days with a friend in the P. W. D., who boasted the lightest dog-cart and the fastest pair of country-bred mares anywhere in the North-West Provinces; and we went out together for a morning's black buck-shooting, which may serve as an example of the sort of sport we describe. They were a fine pair of mares, with the Buxar mark, though that did not go for much; but the way they bowled along the road that morning was a caution to Jehus. One was sent out overnight in charge of her syce and grasscutter, to a point about sixteen miles outside the city on the Grand Trunk road, where the Maharajah's preserves are, ready for the home journey, while, with the other duly harnessed to the aforesaid dogcart, we started in the small hours of the morning, when the most wakeful chanticleer had not essayed his faintest crow, for the scene of action. The morning air was shrewd and chill as we wrapped our great-coats round us, lighted a cheroot, and, with our guns and paraphernalia inside the trap and syce hanging on behind, started from the bungalow, and, getting clear of the cantonment, let out the mare at her best pace along the fine level road that led directly to our happy hunting-ground. She covered the distance within the hour; and, as the first streak of morning light began to appear over the range of low trees on the horizon, we pulled up by a tope of mango-trees, where our syces were still sleeping by the side of their fire, awaiting our arrival. A few minutes' halt to disengage ourselves of our overcoats, take a "peg," and get comfortably into light marching order, and the word was given to advance. Mount-



A HOWDAH ELEPHANT BOLTING.

ing our "tattoos," we speedily made for the open country, and, before long, by the rapidly-increasing light of dawn, made out a herd of "black buck" calmly browsing at no considerable distance from us. Dismounting and leaving our ponies in charge of our attendants, we moved forward cautiously on foot, taking advantage of such inequalities in the ground and clumps of brushwood as might serve to conceal our approach. Presently an old doe who has been detailed for vedette duty gives the alarm, and the startled herd stand for a moment preparatory to a general stampede. Piff!—paff! My friend has singled out a buck with the finest pair of horns in the herd, and has let fly at a long range; but he has hit the mark, as we can tell by the sound. There is no time for deliberation, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I have followed suit with what I flatter myself is a well-directed shot at the leader of the herd, who is just facing me. A second, and the entire herd are bounding away, with amazing leaps over the ground, in Indian file, the two wounded deer keeping well up with the main body, though evidently hard hit. We mount our ponies with alacrity, and give chase, and before long come up with our friends, though still at too great a distance to open fire again. Stalking them as before, we get within range, and, singling out our former victims, fire, and this time with effect. My friend of the P.W.D. brings down his game on the spot; but I have again hit my buck in a less vulnerable place, and once more the herd dash off at lightning speed across the plain; yet I am in no mood to relinquish the chase; the beast has been hard hit, and can no longer keep pace with the others, and soon sinks exhausted to the ground, whereupon I administer the *coup de grace* with my hunting-knife, and for the time all is over. Our attendants, coming up, take charge of the spoil, and we again start in search of some fresh and hitherto unsuspecting herd, with varying success, till the sun getting high in the heavens warns us to beat a retreat. Back to the Mango-tope, where the beer is swinging, and our Khitmutgar has already prepared our

breakfast, thence back again along the level road, while the bright, hot morning sun glints down upon us through the overarching trees, and the monkeys chatter at us from the boughs above as we bowl swiftly homewards to our siesta. There are many worse things than a day's black-buck shooting in a good country, and we are confident that this will prove not the least pleasant of his Royal Highness's reminiscences of sport in India.

RACING IN INDIA.

"Nabob" furnishes a sporting contemporary with the following account of a recent race-meeting in India:—"Even in an out-of-the-way part of the globe, such as Cannanore, there are Englishmen sojourning, and, as a matter of course, English sports are kept up. Last year the officers of the 43rd Light Infantry got up a race-meeting, and it proved so successful that it has become an institution now, to be held annually. The first day's events came off on Tuesday, Oct. 5, when some good racing took place, and betting to a considerable amount was carried on. The attendance was large and varied, as you may be sure in India. There were numerous entries for each event, and several horses from distant stations were brought in to compete. Last year Captain Miller's *Bashi-Bazook* carried all before him, and, of course, in consequence, he stood well in the betting; but it was whispered that there was one, if not two, fresh animals to run who could beat 'Bashi.' However, in the first day's running 'Bashi' held his own, but fell away on the second day. 5 to 3 was offered and accepted, on the first day, on Mr. Dawson's *Warrigal*, but you could find no acceptors to take anything against him on the second day. Mr. Langlands's *Prattler* seemed to run high in favour, and did not disappoint his backers. *Marchioness*, a fine-looking animal, the property of Captain Miller, looked the thing, but was not in training in consequence of an injury to her foreleg. However, I look forward to hear of her success on a future day. In the pony line, Sir Bobbie, *Rory-o'-the-Hills*, and Snider had

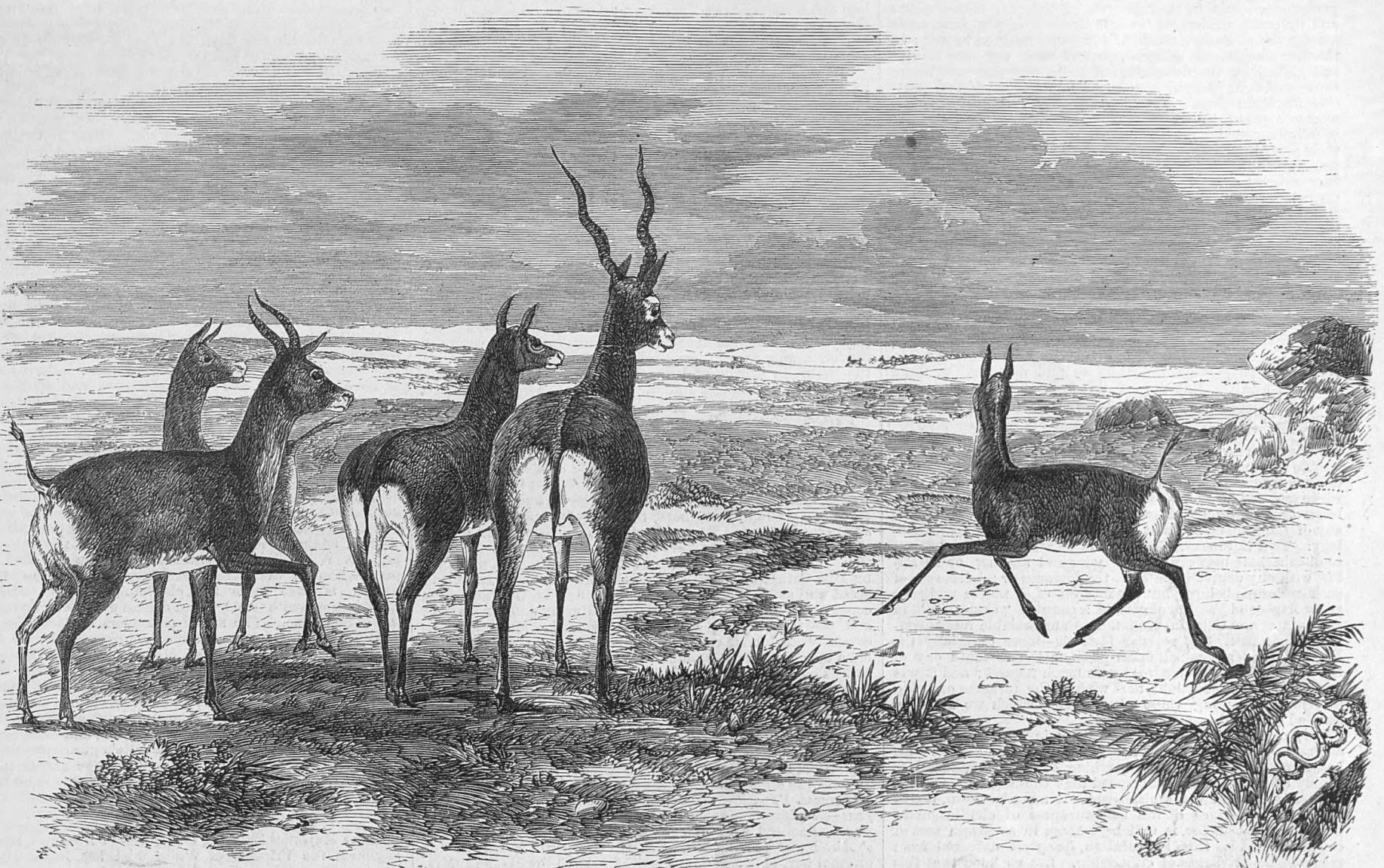
about the same number of backers. Sir Bobbie, the property of Mr. French, appeared to be the favourite, but did not realise the expectations formed of him, and Ramah, of whom there was scarcely any good opinion, surprised everyone. The stewards were:—Major Armstrong, Colonel Baldwin, Captain Hole, Mr. A. C. French, Captain Livesay, Colonel Gibb, Mr. J. S. Langlands, Mr. F. A. Talbot, Mr. J. S. Quayle, and Capt. Miller; clerk of the course, Colonel Gibb; honorary secretary, Captain T. C. Miller; judge, Mr. A. E. Dobson; starter, Mr. J. S. Langlands."

A CHINESE THEATRE IN CANTON.

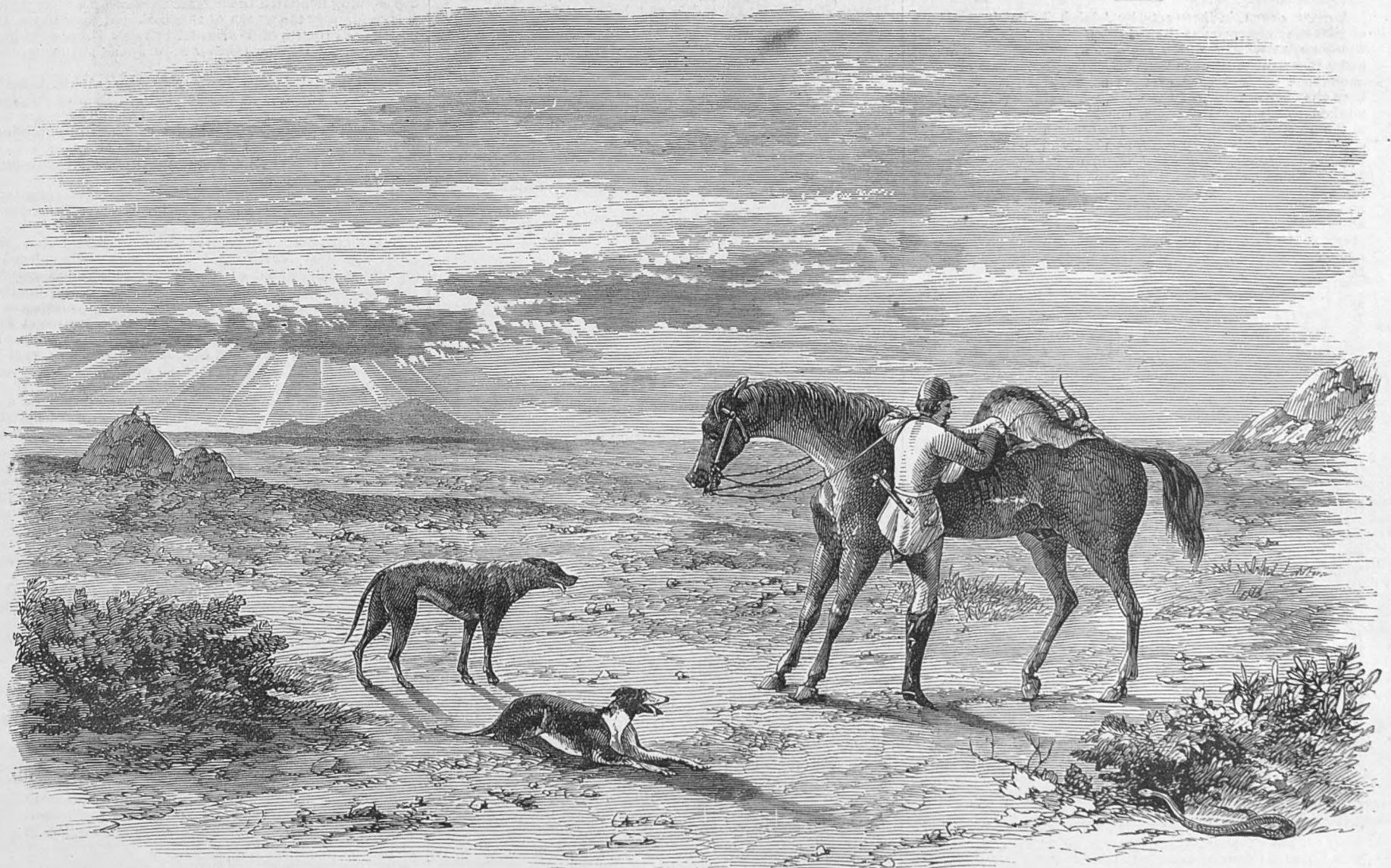
If there is one form of popular entertainment more than another in which the Chinese are fond of indulging it is that of dramatic representation. They have no notion of scenery or scene-shifting, and their plays depend almost wholly for their attractiveness upon the plot of the story which may be selected for illustration. Sometimes these plays extend over several days, during which the people will neglect their work and devote the whole of their time to the absorbing interest of the theatre. The exigencies of the drama, as we understand them, find no place in the calculations of the Chinese, who are content to sit out every incident in a story equal in length to a three-volume novel—some romance of which the whole real interest might be compressed into a space of a quarter of an hour's duration, or some mythological legend whereof no one, perhaps not even the performers themselves, can discover the faintest sequence of events or probability of situation.

There are few buildings in China devoted exclusively to theatrical representation—for the most part they are content to perform on an impromptu stage erected in a field or on the banks of a river; but here and there regular theatres are to be found, and it is in such places that the Chinese drama is to be met with in its greatest perfection. There are two theatres in Hong-Kong, one in Canton, one in Shanghai, and others in

S P O R T I N I N D I A.



ANTELOPES STARTLED.



AFTER THE CHASE.

some of the larger Chinese cities, all of which are built on the same pattern, and of which we give an illustration on another page. Taken altogether, they resemble a London music-hall more than anything else we can think of at the moment. There is the stage, with a curtained entrance to right and left; at the back of the stage sit the musicians, and in front are the footlights. Round the theatre are private boxes and galleries, and outside is a verandah or gallery in which sit the money-takers—who are just as keenly alive to a bad or good house as their Western brethren of the box-office. On either side of the stage is hung a playbill, setting forth the programme of the performance, and in the intervals of the play coffee sellers and itinerant vendors of sweets, fruit, &c., ply their trade among the audience, much in the same way as in our own theatres oranges and ginger-beer find their way into the pit and gallery for the delectation of those who dare not resign their seats in order to procure their refreshment outside for themselves. With regard to the play itself, the women's parts, though occasionally taken by women, are usually intrusted to young men and boys, who sing through their parts with a high nasal twang, the other characters also singing in the tone considered most suitable to the personages they are supposed to represent. It is from this that Chinese theatricals have come to be called in "pigeon" English "Sing-Songs." There is little to be said in favour of the orchestra; for, although many Chinese melodies are sweet and plaintive, and may be said to possess a certain charm of their own, the Chinese have no notion whatever of harmony, and either play altogether in unison or independently of each other—more often the latter, which may readily be imagined to produce a sufficiently discordant effect. In fact, the one word, "discord," may be taken to describe most accurately all Chinese concerted music, each musician apparently trying to outvie the other in loudness and rapidity of execution, with no more regard to harmony, and perhaps less, than we find displayed by those amateurs who on May-day or the fifth of November make the London thoroughfares hideous with their impromptu minstrelsy.

The "make-up" of a Chinese actor would be enough to astonish even Lal Brough, accustomed as he has been for so long to the society of a Heathen Chinee. The most extravagant costumes, the most hideous masks, and a lavish use of Chinese white and red ochre are considered equally appropriate to the benevolent father, the desponding lover, the cruel tyrant, or any of the gods or devils of their voluminous heathen mythology. To a European, therefore, it becomes slightly difficult to discriminate between one character and another, or to follow with any degree of interest the fortunes or misfortunes of such grotesque beings; but the interest of a native audience never flags, and the popularity of a genuine "sing-song" in any part of the Celestial Empire is an undeniably an incontrovertible fact. On popular festivals—more especially the Feast of Lanterns, which takes place on the fifteenth day of the First Moon—the theatres are in much request; and it was on one of these occasions that we had the pleasure of being present and making those observations which we are now enabled to record.

It is curious that in most countries in the olden time the actor's calling has not been held in the highest repute. He has always been esteemed something of a vagabond, and it is only as civilisation has advanced that the actor has risen to his proper level in the social scale. It must be taken, therefore, as an instance of the backwardness of civilisation in China that the actor is still held there in a certain sort of contempt, and is, from his vocation, *ipso facto* debarred from many of his privileges of citizenship. Let us hope that this will be altered one day, with the abolition of masks and such quaint and incongruous conceits as we have described, and the introduction of the true drama, "Whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

The Drama.

A COMIC OPERA, in three acts, by Adolph Gollmick, produced on Saturday afternoon at the Criterion under the title of *Doña Constanza*, a notice of which appears in our musical column, and a new semi-musical Indian sketch, entitled *A Trip to India*, announced for Thursday evening at the same theatre, have been the only novelties of the week, which, however, has been marked by numerous changes, consisting mostly of revivals, in the programmes of several of the other houses. These include Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* at the Gaiety; the celebrated Royalty burlesque, *Black Eye'd Susan*, at the Opera Comique; Mr. Farnie's extravaganza, *Blue Beard*, by Miss Lydia Thompson and her talented company, including Mr. Lionel Brough and W. Edouin, at the Globe; Hervé's opéra-bouffe, *Chilperic*, at the Royal Park; and the ever popular *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Philharmonic; while another revival of this last-named opera of Lecocq's will take place at the Royalty on Monday next.

SATURDAY afternoon was unusually busy with day performances. In addition to *Doña Constanza*, at the Criterion, and *Henry VIII*, at the Gaiety, *Little Em'ly* was represented at the Adelphi; the *Brigands* at the Globe, where in the evening this opéra-bouffe and the romantic drama *East Lynne* were represented for the last time, and replaced on Monday by Miss Lydia Thompson and her company in *Blue Beard*; and, finally, at the Holborn Amphitheatre, the last day performance of Newsome's circus troupe, who terminated their London season in the evening.

On Monday afternoon there was a day performance of the spectacular drama of *Mazeppa* at Sangers' Royal Amphitheatre, where another will take place this afternoon.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Although there have been several tentative day performances here lately on Saturdays, the regular series of matinées commenced last Saturday, when an unusually full house attended the production of *Henry VIII*, with Mr. Phelps in his splendid impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey, which was received throughout with warm acclamation, culminating in the marked enthusiasm bestowed upon his deeply touching and pathetic delivery of the well-known soliloquy, "Farewell—a long farewell—to all my greatness!" He was well supported by Mr. Charles Harcourt as Kingham, Mr. Forbes Robertson as Cromwell, Mr. Maclean as the Earl of Surrey, Mrs. Charles Calvert as Queen Katherine, and Miss Henderson as Anne Boleyn. The play, which ends with the death of Wolsey in the fourth act, will be repeated this afternoon. Mr. Toole continues to draw crowded houses to the evening entertainments, the programme of which underwent a slight change on Monday evening, when *The Spitalfields Weaver* was replaced by the farce of *Our Clerks*, in which Mr. Toole again created roars of laughter by his ludicrous impersonation of John Puddicombe, the stolid lawyer's clerk; and Miss Farren made her reappearance here in her old part of Edmund Shortus, the precocious fellow-clerk, and received a most cordial welcome, which was also extended to Mr. Soutar, who likewise returned here from the Olympic, and amusingly represented the staid elderly gentleman from the country,

Mr. Bulpit—other parts being adequately sustained by Messrs. Maclean, Leigh, De Belleville, Mrs. Leigh, and Miss Camille. *Off the Line* and *Ici on Parle Français* still continue on the bills.

OLYMPIC.—The interval between the withdrawal of *The Ticket of Leave Man*, early last week, and the production of Mr. Wills's new historical play of *Buckingham*, to be produced for the annual benefit of Mr. Henry Neville, on Monday next, has been occupied at this theatre by the same programme that was selected for Mr. G. W. Anson's benefit on Wednesday last week—viz., Tom Taylor's play of *Plot and Passion*, with Mr. Anson as Desmarat, the part created by the late Mr. Robson; Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Fouche's decoy, Marie de Fontanges, originally played by Mrs. Stirling; and Mr. Charles Harcourt as Henri de Neuville, Alfred Wigan's old part; and the Welsh farce of *Ye Wyn-wyn-wn*.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.—Messrs. Parravicini and Corbyn, by their spirited direction, are raising this house to a high position, and their energy is meeting with a well-deserved reward in the increasing audiences nightly attracted to this exceedingly pretty theatre by the excellence and completeness of the entertainment provided for their amusement. *Geneviève de Brabant*, having had a successful run, was replaced on Monday evening by Hervé's opéra-bouffe *Chilpéric*, which was produced in a style of great elegance of mounting, and admirably supported by principals, numerous and well-trained chorus, and efficient orchestra. Miss Emily Soldene resumed her old part of *Chilpéric*, which exactly suits her vocal and histrionic abilities. Miss Lizzie Robson charmingly represents Fredegonde, and her rustic lover Landry finds an apt exponent in Mr. Felix Bury. Siegbert and his wife Brunehaut are satisfactorily played by Mr. Cumming and Miss Amalia, and Mr. Rowe displays consummate humour in his old part of the physician. The familiar and catching melodies, carefully rendered, were warmly applauded, and the stirring finale of the umbrella chorus and dance, as well as the quarrelling duet between *Chilpéric* and the incensed Fredegonde elicited the usual encores. The revival is likely to have a lengthened run.

PHILHARMONIC.—After a week's recess this theatre reopened, under the direction of Mr. Stanley Dust, on Saturday evening, with a revival of Mr. H. J. Byron's version of Lecocq's seemingly undying opéra-bouffe, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, in which Madame Rose Bell appeared for the first time as Mdlle. Lange, and gave a rendering at once original and captivating, especially distinguishing herself both by her pleasing singing and refined acting in the waltz scene in the second act, and in the spirited quarrelling duet with Clairette, near the termination. Clairette was represented with great spirit and piquancy by Miss Catherine Lewis. Mr. E. Cotte sang with taste, and acted well as Ange Pitou; Pomponnet and Larivaudiere were competently represented by Mr. John Murray and Mr. Dalton; and the minor parts are fairly supported. Mr. Stanislaus carefully conducted an efficient orchestra, and the sisters Fay led a troupe of graceful dancers in the ballet scene in the third act. The opera was preceded by Mr. Clement's farce of *Two to One*.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—Mr. Creswick still continues his engagement here, appearing on Saturday, Wednesday, and last night as Claudio Melnotte, in *The Lady of Lyons*; in *King Lear* on Monday and Tuesday; and in *Hamlet* on Wednesday, supported, as previously, by Mr. C. Creswick and Miss Eloise Juno in the other leading characters in each play.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A new series—the last for the current year—of plays, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, was commenced here on Tuesday last, when Mr. Wills's *Man o' Airlie* was represented, with Mr. Hermann Vezin in his original part of James Harebell, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price as Sir Gerald and Mary, Mr. Graham as George Brandon, Mr. G. W. Anson as the Scot, Saunders, and Miss Carlisle, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and H. Baker in the other characters. Mr. Lovell's play of *Love's Sacrifice* was selected for the second of the series, on Thursday, with Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Charles Wyndham, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, Charles Creswick, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Carlisle, and Miss Daly in the leading characters. Among the other plays to be represented in the present series are *The Tempest*, with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music; *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Rivals*, *Paul Pry*, and, lastly, Mr. Bartholomew's adaptation of Sophocles' *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The dramatic performances here this week by the Gaiety Company, under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead, were resumed, on Tuesday, when *Off the Line* and *Ici on Parle Français*, with Mr. Toole in his two great parts, Mr. Soutar appearing with him in his original part of Puffy in the former, and as Victor Dubois, the irrepressible French lover, in the latter. On Thursday Miss Farren appeared in the leading parts in the comedietta of *A Nice Girl* and the comic drama of *Good for Nothing*.

MORNING performances will take place to-day at the following theatres:—

At the Gaiety, the second representation of *Henry VIII*, with Mr. Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey and the same cast as last Saturday.

At the Lyceum, the first day performance of *Macbeth*.

At the Haymarket, the fourth day representation of Mr. Byron's successful comedy, *Married in Haste*.

At the Criterion, M. Gollmick's comic opera, *Donna Constanza*, will be produced for the second time.

At Sangers' Amphitheatre, the last day performance of *Mazeppa*.

For to-night there is neither any novelty nor change in the various programmes announced; but on Monday evening Mr. Henry Neville's annual benefit takes place at the Olympic, on which occasion Mr. Wills's new historical drama, *Buckingham*, will be produced, with Mr. Neville in the principal character of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Mr. Creswick as Cromwell. The cast will also include Messrs. G. W. Anson, Harcourt, and Voltaire; Miss Fanny Enson, a débutante in London, and Miss Golier, who so cleverly sustained the part of the Princess Mary in *A Crown for Love*, at the Gaiety; and on the same evening *La Perichole*, at the Royalty, will give place to another revival of the irrepressible *La Fille de Madame Angot*, with Mdlle. Cornelie d'Anka as Mdlle. Lange and Madame Pauline Rita as Clairette.

The afternoon performance at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Edmund Falconer, on Wednesday, when *The Colleen Bawn* was represented, with almost the original cast, turned out a complete success. Upwards of £280 were taken at the doors; and it is expected that there will be a net amount of over £300 to hand to Mr. Falconer; of whom, it may be added, we have a special memoir in type for publication next week.

OPERA COMIQUE. BLACK-EYE'D SUSAN.

MR. BURNAND's famous burlesque, *Black-Eye'd Susan*, which attained an extraordinary popularity on its first production in 1866 at the Royalty, then under the management of Miss Oliver, was revived here on Saturday evening, and was received throughout with enthusiastic applause. The libretto has been revised and brought down to the present day by topical allusions to recent events, including Lord Darnley and the Kentish Yeomanry affair, the Emma Mine, Messrs. Collie, the Serapis

and Vanguard, &c. New songs and dances are introduced; but, with the exception of "Here we are again," a parody on Arthur Sullivan's "Once Again," sung with charming point by Miss Oliver, the marked success of the revival was due more to the genuine burlesque humour, rollicking fun, and comic situations in the original piece, and which now fascinate the audience as they did of yore at the Royalty, and to the further advantage that Miss M. Oliver, Mr. Dewar, and Mr. E. Danvers sustain their old parts of Black-Eye'd Susan, Captain Crosstree, and Dame Hatley with all the artistic effectiveness and quaintness as ever. The two principal musical pieces, "Pretty See-usan, Don't Say No" and "Captain Crosstree is My Name," create as much excitement as in the old Royalty days, and were as vociferously encored several times. Miss Edith Blanche enacted the part of William effectively, and created a very favourable impression by her agreeable singing and lively dancing. Miss Wiber cleverly represented the Irish postman, Shaun O'Ploughshare, newly described as a mixture of Miles Na Coppaleen, Shaun the Post, and Conn the Shaughraun. Miss D'Aguilar, Miss James, and Mr. J. Robins efficiently represented Gnatchbrain, Dolly Mayflower, and Doggrass; and Mr. G. Temple and Miss Stevens displayed burlesque humour as the Smugglers Hatchet and Raker. The burlesque is mounted with picturesque scenery and pretty dresses, and the rapturous favour with which it was received, indicates a renewal of its former triumphs. Mr. Burnand's comedy *Proof Positive*, now greatly improved, is admirably acted, and, with the revived burlesque, offers a most amusing evening's entertainment.

GLOBE THEATRE.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company returned to this theatre on Monday evening, and reappeared in the lively and amusing extravaganza of *Blue Beard*, which was revived with new scenery, music, and costumes, and seems to have lost none of its attractions. The "Fraud" song and chorus obtain the same numerous frantic encores. The shadow dance, the rough humour of *Blue Beard*, the eccentricities of Zoung-Zoung and the Heathen Chinee, the "moral game of cards," and the numerous other whimsicalities of the burlesque are as fresh and intensely amusing as when first represented. The principal characters are supported as previously at this house. Miss Lydia Thompson, who made her first appearance since her recent severe illness, and met with a most cordial welcome, is still the graceful, refined, and fascinating Selim; Mr. Lionel Brough again revels in showing the sort of man *Blue Beard* is; Mr. Willie Edouin continues his singularly artistic impersonation of the "Heathen Chinee;" and Miss Rachael Sanger is once more the charming Fatima. Miss Ella Chapman acts with vivacity, and dances with spirit and grace as the O'Shacabac. The minor characters of Ibrachim, Sister Anne, and Hassan are effectively represented by Mr. George Beckett, Miss Coleridge, and Miss A. Merton. The chorus, ballet, and orchestra are in every way satisfactory; and the whole piece is as bright, sparkling, and amusing as ever. The burlesque is preceded by the comedietta of *Man is Not Perfect*, amusingly rendered by Mr. Lionel Brough as Harry, Mr. Collette as Mike, Miss Rachel Sanger as Jane, and Miss Coleridge as Alice; and followed by Mr. Collette's grotesque farce with the unpronounceable name, and in which the author, as Plantagenet Smith, exhibits his marvellous versatility as an imitator and singer of patter songs.

THEIR Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her Royal Highness Princess Thyra, accompanied by a numerous suite, honoured the Gaiety Theatre with their presence on Thursday evening, last week; and on the following evening the same Royal party attended the performance of *Masks and Faces* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark and their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Thyra, attended by their respective suites, witnessed the performance of *Blue Beard*, at the Globe Theatre, on Tuesday evening. On Tuesday evening the same Royal party witnessed the performance of *Blue Beard* at the Strand, and on Wednesday evening honoured the Strand Theatre with their presence.

Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark and their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Thyra were present at the Monday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Monday evening.

The Imperial Prince Louis Napoleon attended the performance of *Chilperic* at the Royal Park Theatre on Monday evening.

Othello is in preparation as the third Shakespearean production at the Lyceum, with Mr. H. Irving as the Moor.

HENGLER'S Grand Cirque, in Argyll-street, opens for the season next Saturday.

MISS ANGELINA CLAUDE will make her first reappearance since her severe illness this evening, at the Strand, and resume her original part of Bagatelle, in *Loo*.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Miss Helen Faust (Mrs. Theodore Martin) has again generously placed her services at the disposal of the committee, and will appear as Iolanthe, in Mr. Theodore Martin's translation of Henrik Hertig's drama, *King René's Daughter*, at an afternoon performance, to take place at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday week, Dec. 9, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will also lend their aid and appear in *My Uncle's Will*; and Mr. J. L. Toole will likewise sustain one of his most popular characters.

The first novelty at the Gaiety for Mr. Toole will be a two-act comic drama by Mr. H. J. Byron, which will be produced early next month; and later on Mr. Toole will appear in a new musical extravaganza by Mr. H. B. Farnie.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA-HOUSE.—An influential company is stated to be in process of formation for the acquirement of the Earl of Dudley's interest in Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, to convert it into a West-End Stock Exchange.

A NEW ballet, entitled *India; or, the Prince of Wales's Visit to our Eastern Empire*, is in preparation at the South London Palace of Amusement, and will shortly be produced on a scale of great magnificence.

A SPECIAL morning performance of *All for Her*, by Mr. Horace Wigan's company from the Mirror, will take place at the Gaiety on Wednesday next.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT was given to Mr. Alfred Burnham, proprietor of the Burnham Variety Company, at Holloway Hall, on Wednesday last. The entertainment consisted of pianoforte solos, songs, and recitations. Among the most noticeable of the performances were the pianoforte solos by Miss Vane; selections from *Man of the World*, by Mr. Healey; from *Foote's Funny Fancies*, by Mr. Foote; from *The Honeymoon*, by Mr. Dalton and Miss Eastlake; and from *Still Waters Run Deep*, by Messrs. Baker and Caffrey; and a couple of songs by Mr. Talbot.

If your teeth decay or discolour use Rowlands' Odonto, which seventy-five years' trial has proved to be the best dentifrice. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves the hair. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (family bottles, equal to four small), and 21s. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRITERION THEATRE.—"DONA COSTANZA."—On Saturday last the pretty little Criterion Theatre was filled by a fashionable audience, attracted by the announcement of a new opera, entitled *Doña Costanza*, and composed by Mr. Adolph Gollmick. This gentleman has been domesticated in England for many years, and has made himself a general favourite by his social excellencies no less than by his sterling qualities as a musician. Hitherto his published compositions have consisted of vocal and instrumental chamber music, and displayed qualities which induced a favourable prepossession respecting his new three-act opera. It is evident, however, that there is a very wide difference between the power of composing detached pieces for the chamber and the power of contriving and executing a three-act opera, with due attention to dramatic effect, concerted ensembles, instrumental scoring, and succession of melodies. It is much to Mr. Gollmick's credit that he has made a greater success than could have been expected. It must be owned that he was placed at a disadvantage by the commonplace character of his libretto, which contains little dramatic interest. The original libretto appears to have been written by Herr Carl Gollmick (father of the composer), who many years ago had a high reputation as a musical critic, and was the leading authority on music at Frankfort, where he wrote several meritorious compositions. The English version, which his son has set to music, has been prepared by Mr. Allman, who has not displayed sound judgment in allowing so much of the tedious dialogue to remain. The plot of *Doña Costanza* is trite and feeble. It is the old story of two young people constrained to marry or forfeit property. Before their first meeting each resolves to disgust the other into a voluntary abandonment of the match; and in the end they fall in love with each other and gladly marry.

Doña Costanza is the daughter of a Spanish merchant, and is left an orphan to the care of her uncle Signor Nuñez and her aunt Doña Barbara. The Count de Aranda has borrowed largely of Nuñez, and his estates are about to be sacrificed, when Nuñez offers to release the Count from all pecuniary claims on condition that the mortgage which he holds shall be satisfied by the marriage of the Count's only son, Don Felix, to Costanza, the niece of Nuñez. The opera begins on the eventful day when Felix and Costanza meet for the marriage. Don Carlos, a friend who accompanies Don Felix to the nuptial meeting, bets him a wager that he will fall really in love with his intended bride; but Felix declares that, so soon as he has freed the paternal estates by marrying the plebeian Costanza, he will quit her for ever, and leave her to enjoy a barren title of nobility. Eventually mutual love is awakened in bride and bridegroom; and Don Carlos, who has contributed to this result by exciting the jealousy of Don Felix, wins his wager. This meagre and too-familiar plot is spun out into three tedious acts, without any relief in the shape of amusing incidents or witty dialogue. The speeches are not only dull, but long—frequently extending to 150 or 200 words; and the libretto requires the application of an axe rather than a pruning-knife. Mr. Gollmick has bravely struggled to find musical inspiration in the feeble libretto, and much of his music is meritorious. The concerted portions are the best, and the orchestration is always well arranged. The vocal solos are not conspicuous for originality, and as there is no chorus the general effect is rather monotonous. The best of the vocal solos is the buffo song in act ii. ("An hour ago"), which was well sung by Mr. Connell in the character of Lopez, a frightened servant, and was warmly applauded. The contralto song "Your scornful swain," the soprano aria "Break, break my heart," and the tenor song "Sweet to my heart," are not unlikely to prove acceptable as drawing-room melodies, although they are deficient in the dramatic character which is requisite in operatic music. Almost all Mr. Gollmick's phrases are graceful, and he belongs to the school of Mozart. Unfortunately, his music lacks spontaneity and vigour, and too often awakens reminiscences of other composers. As the first operatic effort of a well-trained musician, it is entitled to generous treatment; and if it be scarcely fitted to find a permanent place in the operatic repertoire, it may be accepted as an earnest of greater success hereafter.

The opera is announced for repetition this day at two p.m., and again on Saturday next, and will probably be better performed than on Saturday last, when the prompter took an important part in the performance. Miss Emily Pitt played effectively as Doña Barbara, the scheming aunt of Costanza, and sang her music well. Miss Annie Sinclair was amateurish in her acting as Doña Costanza; but sang agreeably, although the music was occasionally too high for her voice. Miss Dolores Drummond played the small part of Jacinta, the hostess of the "White Stag," very nicely. The tenor part, Don Felix, was allotted to Mr. Courtenay, who has a resonant voice and some dramatic feeling, but is deficient in refinement. Mr. F. Penna made the most of his small opportunities in the absurd rôle of Don Carlos, and Mr. Connell, as Lopez, succeeded in awakening the only smiles which were visible during the performance. The gentleman who played the small part of the notary, and who was not named in the bill, deserves praise for his acting, which surpassed that of almost all his colleagues. The principal artists and the composer were called before the curtain, and the applause of the friendly audience was copious.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS.—The fourth of the new series of Saturday Popular Concerts was given on Saturday last. The first part of the programme contained three instrumental novelties. The first of these, and the most important, was a symphonic piece, composed by A. D. Duvivier, and entitled "Triomphe de Bacchus" (never before played in public). M. Duvivier is well known as a successful teacher of singing, but he has also a high position among modern composers. According to the interesting account furnished in the well-written analytical programme of the concert, the composer of this work was born at Liverpool in 1827, and received his musical education from Moschelles (piano) and Dr. Dehn (harmony), who was himself a pupil of the famous Albrechtsberger. M. Duvivier first settled in Paris, where he continued his studies under Halévy and Manuel Garcia. He soon began to make his mark as a composer. A symphonic work from his pen was "crowned" by the Institute, and won the gold medal of 1864, while, three years later, his opera, *Deborah*, was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique under the management of M. Carvalho. The performance of this work not long preceded the election of M. Duvivier as a member of the "Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs dramatiques," on which occasion his "sponsors" were Hector Berlioz and Charles Gounod. M. Duvivier's music is not wholly unknown in England. An Intermezzo from *Deborah* was played at the Crystal Palace in July, 1873; an Allegretto scherzando from a Symphony in G at the Alexandra Palace; and a "Symphonic Fantasia" at the Covent Garden Concerts.

In addition to the foregoing, an Overture in A was produced at the Royal Albert Hall two years ago. It is hoped that these brief particulars respecting the career of a musician who is now settled in the land of his birth will not be without interest to the audience who to-day hear, for the first time, one of his most characteristic works.

The *Triumph of Bacchus* proved to be a masterly work, and achieved a great success. The two principal movements are well contrasted. The Andante affetuoso contains a lovely melody in B major, played by the strings and horns. The Allegro which follows is a bacchanalian dance movement in A major, full of spirit and grace, and is followed by the final movement, Allegro maestoso—a march movement in A major—which forms a bright and triumphal ending. The orchestration is full of variety and ingenious contrivance; but the chief charm of the work is the elegance and freshness of the melodic phrases with which it abounds. Since we learn that Mr. Duvivier is our fellow-countryman, we must express a hope that his great abilities may hereafter be enlisted in the cause of English opera, which stands in need of creative originality such as he possesses. The next novelty of the occasion was a "Preludio e Tempo di Valse," for pianoforte, composed and performed by Signor Tito Mattei. This gentleman's well-known powers as a bravura-player found fit scope in the difficulties of the work; but, except as a vehicle for executive display, it presented little to call for praise. The third novelty was a suite for orchestra, entitled *Scenes Pittoresques*, by Massénét. This clever composer, although barely twenty-seven years of age, has already won great distinction in France, and is the successful author of two oratorios, *Eve and Mary Magdalene*, which have been performed at Paris by the Classical Concert Society. The "scenes" depicted in the suite played last Saturday are described as (1) "March," (2) "Air de Ballet," (3) "Angelus," (4) "Fête Bohème." All four movements were interesting. The "Air de Ballet" is brilliant and graceful, and the "Angelus" is perfectly delicious. In the second part of the concert a fourth novelty was presented—a "Tarantella for Strings," by J. Halberstadt, which is skilfully orchestrated, but is not remarkably tuneful. In the first (or classical) part popular selections from Sterndale Bennett, Gounod, and Weber were also presented; and the second part was "miscellaneous." The vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Emily Mott, and Mr. A. Lloyd—sang well. The fine orchestra was heard to great advantage in Sterndale Bennett's "Naiades" overture, and other orchestral works; and too much praise can hardly be given to Mr. Weist Hill for his skilful and sympathetic conducting—particularly in the pieces which were on this occasion performed for the first time.

THE COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS will terminate this evening. We may remind our readers that an extra and final concert will be given, on Monday next, for the benefit of the entrepreneurs, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. They deserve a "bumper." Since promenade concerts were introduced, there has been no such season as that of 1875. The band, which is, or should be, the chief attraction in concerts of this kind, has been composed of our best instrumentalists. In Signor Arditì the best possible conductor has been secured. Artists of worldwide celebrity have been engaged for the vocal and instrumental solos, and have appeared in rapid succession. The programmes have presented a more than average quantity of sterling music; and the concerts, particularly those given on Wednesdays, have attracted lovers of music as well as mere pleasure seekers. Both to-night and on Monday the distinguished pianiste, Madame Essipoff, will play; other good artists will assist, and these delightful entertainments—which have been a boon to the public, and have at the same time reflected great credit on the entrepreneurs—will have a brilliant close.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON appears to have made an unprecedented triumph during the recent operatic season at Dublin. Apparently also her singing has powerfully disturbed the critical powers of *Freeman's Journal* and *Saunders's News Letter*. The former, speaking of Christine Nilsson's execution of the *Last Rose of Summer*, says that she "sings it much cleverer (*sic*) than others, and adheres closely to the text." If her merit consist in adhering to the text—which any one may do—it is not made clear that she sings "cleverer" than others. Another paragraph contains the following gem:—"Herr Behrens played actively, and sang with easy stupendousness." *Saunders's News Letter* styles Nilsson "facile princess (*sic*) the queen of *prima donnas*" (*sic*), thus contriving to make three errors in writing four foreign words; and says of the venerable Brignoli that he "has given his best days to the Americans, but is now declared (by the O'Saunders?) to be the first living tenor; and, if second to any of the past, only to the divine Mario." That Christine Nilsson is facile princeps among modern prima donne we may be ready to admit; but, after having listened to the respectable Brignoli for the last quarter of a century, we find it difficult to believe that the air of Dublin could miraculously restore to him the voice which he lost many years ago, or convert him into the "first living tenor," or even the first among living tenors.

Charles Lecocq's last opera, *Le Pompon*, has not proved successful, and the "final representations" are announced.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow orchestral concerts for the first six weeks. The opening concert, given last week, was highly successful.

Sir Julius Benedict has promised to write an orchestral work for Mr. Kuhe's Brighton Festival in February next.

Madame Essipoff gave the first of her two pianoforte recitals on Wednesday last, at St. James' Hall. The programme contained an olla podrida, made up of materials from Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Field, Schubert, Leschetizky, Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Weber, Sterndale Bennett, and Volkmann; no less than twenty-seven pieces in all, which the fair artiste played from memory. Not on this latter account, but on account of her delightful and masterly playing, the recital deserves special notice.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will play this week and next at Manchester, and will thence proceed to Dublin for a season of three weeks' duration.

THE PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

La Fille de Madame Angot (Mr. H. J. Byron's version) has been revived at this theatre by a company under the command of Mr. Stanley Dust; and, if one may make a forecast from the temper of the crowded audience which assembled on Saturday night, the piece is destined to have another brilliant run. A better Clairette than that of Miss Catherine Lewis has seldom or never been seen; while Madlle. Rose Bell's Lange is, especially in the last act, wonderfully fresh and original. Each of the ladies met with an immense reception and reaped laurels by the armful. A hearty word of praise is likewise due to Miss Carrie Braham for her spirited impersonation of Amarante, which was hugely appreciated. Mr. Cotte was in excellent voice, and, consequently, experienced no difficulty in carrying the audience with him. Clairette, Lange, Ange Titou, and Amarante (whose songs were severally repeatedly demanded) succeeded in making the revival a remarkable success. The minor male characters left a good deal to be

desired; but, taken altogether, the opera has been produced in such manner as should ensure it a prolonged run.

STUD NEWS.

BOTH stallions at the Bonehill Stud are "looking up." Pero Gomez made his mark both at Newmarket and Doncaster with some yearlings quite worthy of their family connections. Next year will show the kind of stuff of which they are made, so we must wait for the verdict for the present. Musket seemed to be in good request last season, especially in the north of England and during the St. Leger week we had ample evidence of his power as a sire.

At Sheffield Lane Adventurer has filled as easily at 100gs as at 50gs, and he has every right to promotion. Many owners who delayed to "book places" were too late in their applications; but Mr. Johnstone stood firm, and positively declined to take one mare more than the number determined upon. Mandrake has yet his way to make in the world, and his sojourn at Mentmore last spring gave him an opening which should be improved upon, if he has anything "in him" at all. Pretender has got a few winners, but his infirmity will always, we fear, keep the highest game out of his reach; and it would have been better had he retired from the turf sooner in life, and previously to his degradation to "plating" company.

The box of honour at Tickhill, occupied by so many cracks among the sires of past generations, has now Strathconan for the "man in possession." He has sown a plentiful crop of greys and roans in Yorkshire, where he still commands a goodly following; but we should like to see more heart and substance about his stock.

Mr. John Watson cannot make up his mind to part with Blinkhoolie, who begets the same level, neat and elegantly turned horses as himself. Lozenge has, we hear, been sent abroad, and he was the representative of Sweetmeat in England we could certainly best afford to lose.

We hope soon to have the opportunity of running down to Cobham and of giving a more detailed account of the foals, now so soon to enter upon their yearling life. We are also anxious to see and to report upon See-Saw, the latest arrival at the company's paddocks.

Mr. Van Haansbergen will have his usual team of stallions at Woodlands, Knitsley, Durham, at the public service for the ensuing season; and we are glad to hear that rumours of his intended retirement from the ranks of breeders are totally devoid of foundation. Macgregor has grown very much like his sire, and we quite expect to see something by him astonishing the natives some day.

Mr. Bowes has five yearlings in Jem Perrin's hands at Malton, so that there is plenty of life in the old Streatham stud left to keep up supplies for the black-and-gold. We have not yet heard how the mares are to be mated next season.

Toxophilite is to stand at Enfield next year, and breeders will have to make the most of him while he lasts, as he is now over twenty years old. Not having been overdone, however, there is still plenty of life in him, and he most undoubtedly begets better stayers than his own performances and breeding would lead us to expect. In addition to "Tox," Gilbert has under his charge a regular arsenal of stallions of the old Glasgow breed, which will soon be on hire to the highest bidders for their services for the year. We do not know whether or not First Flight is still among them, but if he is in the flesh we most heartily commend him to the notice of those intending to breed roadsters and hacks. He is very cleverly made, has good action, and no lumber about him, and has besides more quality than almost any horse ever bred by the late eccentric Earl.

Some doubts were expressed at Doncaster as to whether Mandragora would prove in foal or not. Recent advices from Dewhurst speak most confidently of her interesting condition, while Agility's case is equally hopeful.

We are glad to observe that the old paddocks at Burghley are not likely to share the same fate as the Stamford racecourse, Onslow being advertised to stand there for the ensuing season. Knight of St. Patrick has arrived at Highfield Hall, looking as fresh as when he carried the Exeter "narrow blue and white stripes."

Merry Sunshine is to be sold or let for the ensuing season; and landed proprietors in want of a sire for the use of their tenants can do no better than take a look at Mr. Sharpe's horse, before making their selections elsewhere. We never saw an animal apparently better qualified to get hunters; and his bone, substance, and action are undeniable.

The annual draught from the Manton stable comes up for sale on Monday, and includes Royal George (a useful sort of horse in second-rate company), Gang Forward, Manton, Lady of Urrard, and some youngsters. The stallions Alexander and Struan might suit the foreign market, and a couple of brood mares are also in the catalogue.

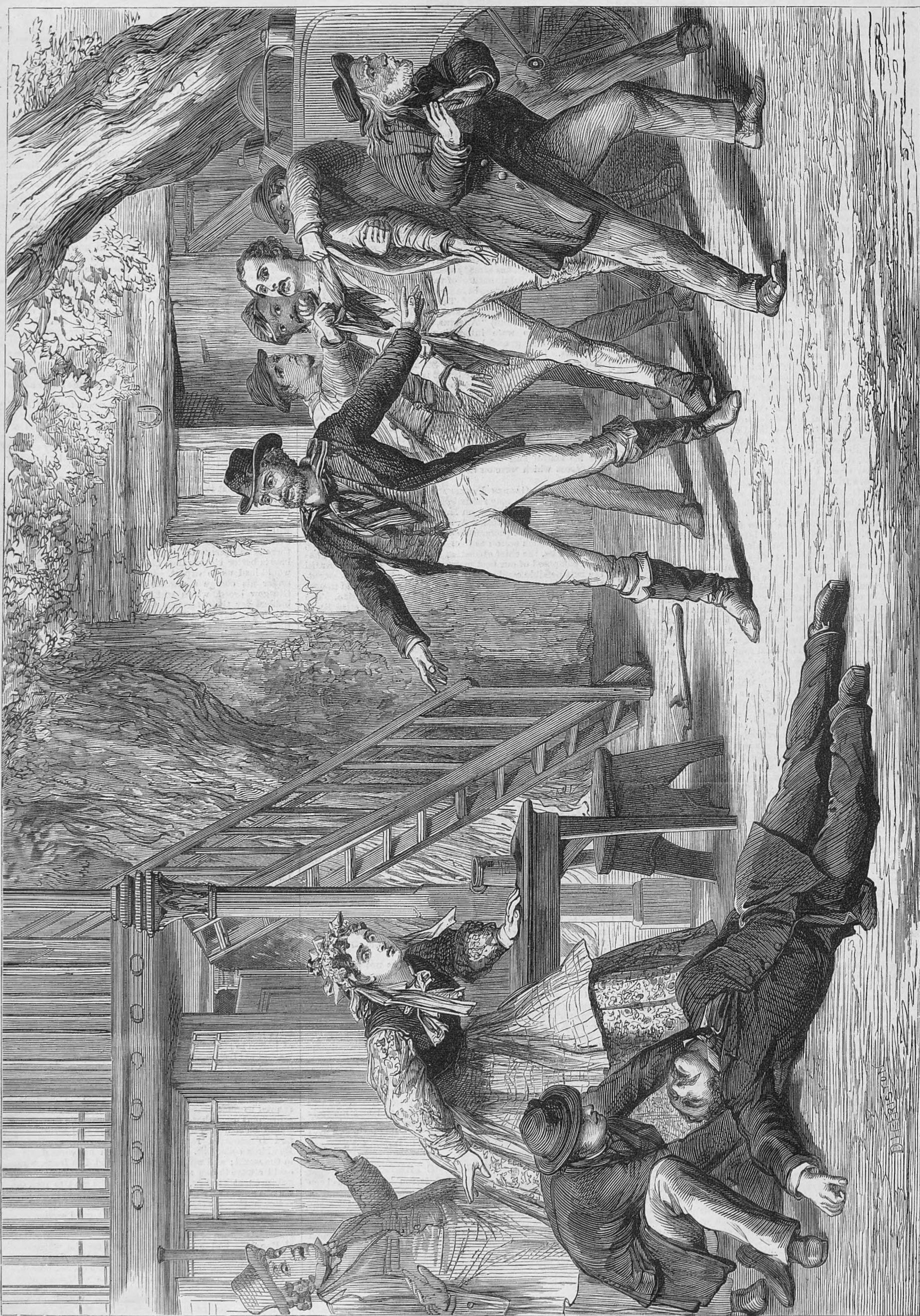
Hermit's select list of "approved mares" is apparently not yet filled, as was the case at this time last year. Rosicrucian was advertised some time since to bear him company at Blankney, but we see that the handsome son of Beadsman will occupy his old quarters at Middle Park for another spring and summer. The young Rosicrucians found favour in the eyes of many good judges in the sale-rings of last year, the only complaint being that they were slightly undersized. Kingcraft stands at Park Paddocks, Newmarket, at the very modest figure of ten guineas, and we shall not be surprised at his promotion to a far higher figure as time goes on. He has grown into a remarkably nice horse.

At Middle Park, as usual, there is a large and varied stock of horses to attend public mares. In addition to Rosicrucian, we find old Saunterer, still fresh as paint and gay as a grasshopper, ready to take his part in the spring among the Eltham beauties. Vespasian possesses the rare recommendation of being a son of Newminster, and is likely to enjoy the same extensive patronage as others of his tribe. Victorious, too, showed us some yearlings last summer which were a vast improvement upon those of previous seasons. No first-class stud would be complete without a Sweetmeat, and accordingly we find D'Estournel representing that sterling family in the Blenkirom collection. Poor Liddington has come down sadly in the world; and while his old opponent The Duke, whom he could always thrash most comfortably, demands his hundred guinea fee at Yardley, his dejected rival is glad to pick up the crumbs at the very modest figure of ten guineas!

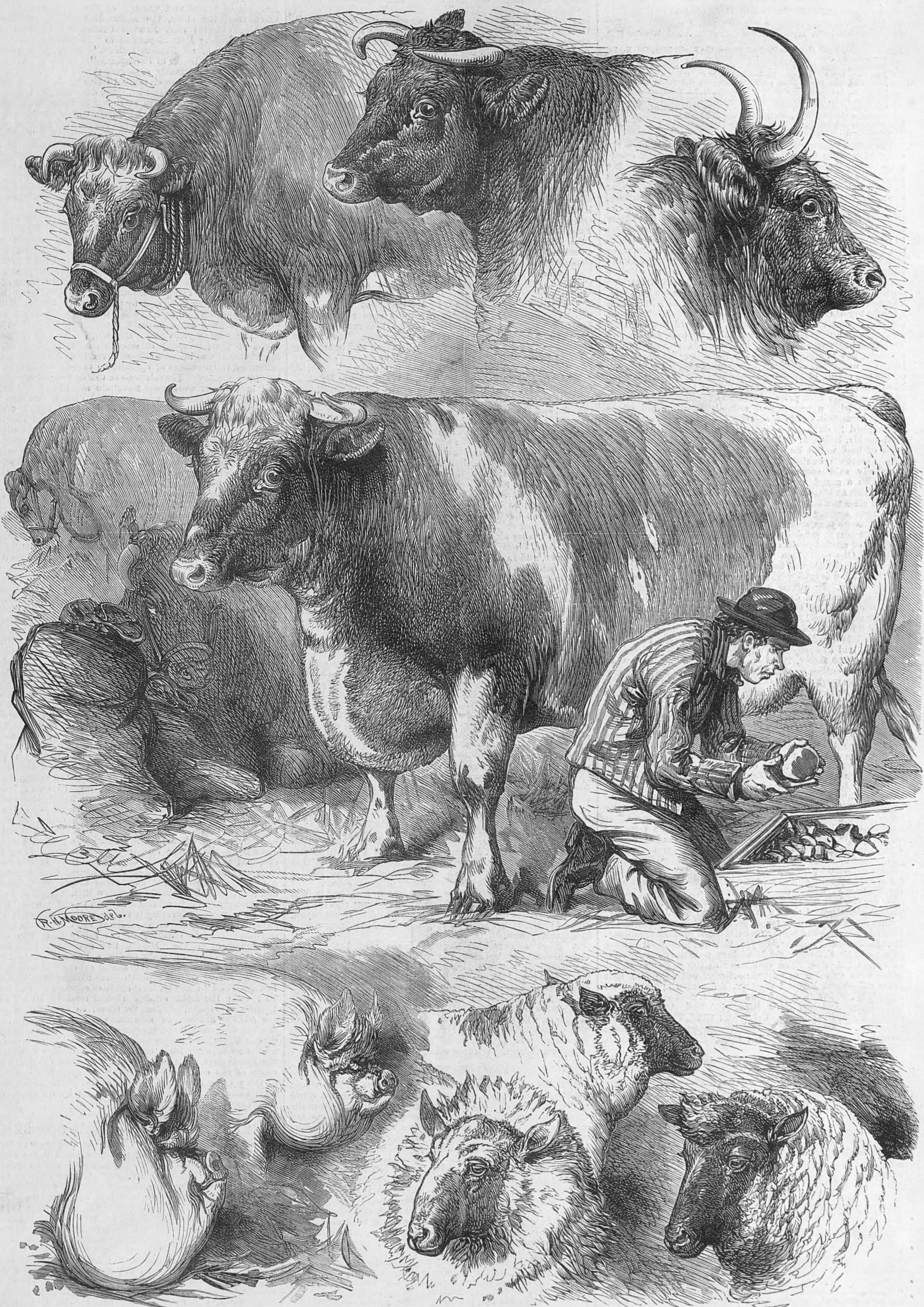
Heath House abides manfully by Julius and Queen's Messenger, two henchmen who have done it good service in past years. Both were "runners up" in important races, and Julius has shown his ability to beget racers. Mr. Martin, late of Rawcliffe, had a good word to say for the "Messenger" while under his charge, and he will doubtless have a chance given him among the mares at his owner's establishment.

Mr. Cunningham has a miscellaneous collection upon his hands at Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster; Mr. Pryor's horses, The Rake, Fripomier, and Botheration, still hang fire in the market; and Le Maréchal is hardly the sort of horse to attract first-class mares.

Mousley occupies Mr. Smallwood's time-honoured paddocks at Middlethorpe, and is prepared to receive certain winners and dams of winners gratis.



"SENTENCED TO DEATH," AT THE GRECIAN THEATRE.



1. Messrs. J. and W. Martin's Heifer.

2. Mr. E. Worley's Red Shorthorned Steer.

3. Mr. J. Kendal's Red Heifer.

5. The Earl of Ellesmere's best Fat Pig.

4. The Earl of Ellesmere's Shorthorned Ox.

7. Lord Chesham's Fat Shropshire Ewe.

9. Mr. George Street's Oxford Wether.

6. Mr. Peter Eden's Pen of Pigs (Gold Cup).
8. Mr. Robert H. Durie's Cheviot Wether.
PRIZE ANIMALS AT THE MANCHESTER FAT CATTLE SHOW. (SEE OUR SPECIAL REPORT.)

THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD FAT CATTLE SHOW, 1875.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

PRESIDENT.—The Mayor of Salford, Richard Harwood, Esq.

PAST-PRESIDENT.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere, Worsley Hall, Worsley.

PATRONS.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, the Right Hon. the Earl of Scarborough, the Right Hon. Lord Wilton, the Right Hon. Lord Wharncliffe, the Right Hon. Lord Combermere, the Right Hon. Lord Kesteven, the Right Hon. Lord Sandon, M.P., the Right Hon. Lord Auckland, the Right Hon. Lord Haddington the Right Hon. Lord Chesham, the Hon. Wilberham Egerton, M.P., the Hon. Algernon Egerton, M.P., the Hon. Alfred Egerton, the Hon. J. C. Dundas, M.P., the Hon. F. A. Stanley, M.P., Sir Humphrey De Trafford, Bart., Sir John Illes Mantell, Knt., W. Ingram, Esq., M.P., &c.

MANAGER.—John Douglas.

SECRETARY.—M. H. Chadwick.

The Royal Pomona Palace, Manchester, has again been the scene of another important exhibition of fat cattle, sheep, pigs, butter, cheese, implements, and machinery, commencing on Nov. 19 and terminating on the 23rd. The show was held in the vast building known as the Agricultural Hall, which, at a rough estimate, is about five times as large as the Agricultural Hall at Islington, besides being better ventilated. Both on the score of its central situation and its ready access by railway from all parts of the kingdom, Manchester will always be able to boast of having the best exhibitions of horses and stock in the United Kingdom. The present fat cattle show takes place immediately before the large breeders send their stock to the Birmingham and Smithfield shows, in addition to which a number of animals of rare quality are seen at Manchester which do not put in an appearance at either of the shows aforesaid.

The total amount of money offered in prizes was £700, which brought together the *crème de la crème* of fat stock. The most noticeable feature in the show was found in the "Scots" cattle, which numbered about one-half of the total entries, and were grand specimens of noted Scotch herds. "Shorthorns," although not in great force, made up in quality what they lacked in numbers. Judging commenced on Friday morning on the five classes of shorthorns, and was not concluded until late in the afternoon. In the class for the best fat ox or steer of any age the first prize of £15 was taken by the Earl of Ellesmere with a magnificent animal, 4½ years old, whose first appearance it was in a showyard. This truly wonderful ox weighed 25 cwt, and measured 9ft 4in in girth; he was bred by Mr. Robeson, and every one predicted that this great mass of beef would be awarded the fifty-guinea cup for the best shorthorn exhibited; and, for once in a way, what everybody said came true. Mr. Statter took the second prize with a grand animal, which took honours at previous shows, both at Manchester and Birmingham. The third prize in this class went to Colonel Reeve, Leadenham, Grantham, for a roan, coming five years old. We were glad to see the Colonel have a turn, as he deserves it. While judging was going on, there was a good deal of discussion amongst the large number of stock-breeders present about the foot-and-mouth disease. One gentleman (perhaps the largest breeder in England) kindly showed us a return of the number of animals afflicted with this epidemic, up to Saturday last, in the county of Lancashire. From this it appears that in the West Derby hundred there is a decrease of 6 outbreaks and 5 farms, 103 cattle, 74 sheep, and 1 pig affected during the week. In the Salford hundred there has been an increase during the week of 6 farms, 65 cattle, 10 sheep, and 3 swine affected; in the Lonsdale hundred a decrease of 1 outbreak, 22 farms, 65 cattle, and 51 sheep affected; and in the Preston district a decrease of 20 farms, 29 sheep, and 1 pig affected, but an increase of 9 outbreaks and 41 cattle. Kirkham and Garstang are suffering more severely than any other places in the county. In the former there are 40 farms, 135 cattle, and 24 sheep affected; and in the latter 34 farms, 224 cattle, and 22 sheep. Our readers would do well to ponder over these statistics, compiled from the weekly records of one county alone. Can nothing be done to stay this dreadful *plague*, which must eventually, unless stayed, place meat as an article of diet beyond even the reach of the lower middle classes, putting mechanics and labouring men out of the question?

On dit that the Earl of Tankerville has tried a curious experiment in shorthorn breeding, having put one of the wild bulls in Chillingham Wood to a handsome shorthorn heifer bought by Mr. Jacob Wilson for his Lordship at the Aylesby Show. We are curious to know the result of this "cross," as naturalists will be able to derive many inferences from the appearance of the progeny as to how the wild breed of Britain originated. During the "talk" the judging progressed apace, and the whole of the 131 entries, representing fifty-seven exhibitors, were "polished off" by a little after four p.m. So far as we could see and hear, great satisfaction prevailed as to the manner in which the awards were distributed. In the class for the best fat steer not exceeding three years and three months old the first prize was awarded to Mr. J. M. Crosby, Tympan Hall, Penrith, for an animal within a month of the limited age, exhibited for the first time, and bred by the owner. Mr. R. Johnson, Scawby, Brigg, Lincolnshire, took second prize; and Mr. F. Cartwright, Drakelow, near Burton-on-Trent, took the third prize. The remainder of the prizes to shorthorns were awarded as follows:—Steers, not exceeding four years old—First, Edward Wortley, Ridlington, Uppingham; second, W. T. Wells, Alford; third, W. J. Nicholson, Kirton-in-Lindsay. Cows—First, J. Reid, of Alford, Aberdeenshire; second, T. H. Hutchinson, Catterick; third, Thomas Statter. Shorthorn heifers—First, R. Stratton, Newport, Monmouth; second, J. Reid, Alford, N.B.; third, Sir John Swinburne, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Taken on the whole, the shorthorns were a lot of rarely level and symmetrical "beees." Indeed, as a gentleman remarked (who asked us if we did not think "T' Stratford Times t' best agricultural peeper"), "Tak' em onwyay ther bee-ee-ef:" a fact we did not think it wise to dispute, he looked so fierce about it. The Scotch breeds were a real treat to those fond of that kind of cattle, and the different kinds were well represented. There were four classes of the pure Scotch breeds. In the class for the best polled ox or steer of any age some splendid animals were shown. Both the first and second prizes, amounting together to £30, fell to those celebrated breeders, Messrs. J. and W. Martin, of Newmarket, Aberdeen, for a pair of polled oxen, which exceeded in substance anything hitherto dreamt of in our philosophy of breeding. Mr. M'Combie, M.P., was well represented by a pair of black oxen; but they lacked weight, as compared with the Messrs. Martins' exhibits. We were sorry to hear from Mr. Postle, of Statham, Norfolk, that he could not compete with a magnificent Gallo-way ox, 27cwt in weight and 10½ ft in girth, owing to its having entangled its foot as it was leaving the cattle-truck at London-road station, and the massive animal toppled over, injuring its back so as to be unable to stand when placed in its stall at the Agricultural Hall, which fact of course put it out of court as far as the awards were concerned. Our readers may probably remember this animal as a prize-taker at Smithfield Show last year. There were seven entries in the class for West Highland oxen or steers. The first prize was taken by Mr. G. Stirling Home Drummond, of Blair Drummond, Stirling, for a mag-

nificent "West Highland" ox. This huge beast showed enormous depth of rib and fine substance of chest, in addition to being "well clad" over the back. This animal also took a first prize at the Highland Agricultural Meeting at Glasgow last autumn. The second prize was awarded to Sir W. G. Gordon, of Forres, for a younger animal, which lacks the quality and substance another twelve months' stall-feeding will give it. We fancy Sir Gordon finds breeding cattle more profitable than his ancestor did elephant-shooting, to judge from the prices his stock commands. The third prize in this class fell to Mr. T. Statter, who seems as thoroughly *au fait* at stock-breeding as at "tandem"-driving, in which occupation we have before now exhibited him in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. In Scotch cows or heifers there was a close and interesting contest between Mr. James Reid, of Alford, and Messrs. G. and J. G. Smith, the proprietors of the far-famed Glenlivat whisky distillery; and it was only after a lengthened "confab" that the judges awarded the palm to the "Southron" breeder. So the Scotch were again beaten at their favourite game of "cattle-breeding"—formerly "cattle-lifting"—by an English competitor. The other "Scotch" prizes were awarded as follows:—West Highland cows or heifers—First and second, John Kendal, Clitheroe. Other pure breeds and cross-breeds—Fat oxen or steers: First, Alexander Mathieson, of Ardross, M.P., Alross, Ross-shire, N.B.; second, T. Statter; third, W. Brown, Elgin. Fat steers—First, H. D. Adamson, Alford, Aberdeen; second, George Strachan, Mains of Inverbrie, by Ellon, Aberdeen. Fat cows or heifers—First, J. and W. Martin; second, G. Strachan. District class—First, T. Statter; second, G. Fox, Wilmslow.

The Cup, value 50 guineas, for the best Scot in the show, was "reegeously awarded," as a cannie man remarked, to Mr. G. Stirling Home Drummond, for his brae muikle beastie the yellow Highland ox hereinbefore mentioned. The show of fat sheep was very good, both from a breeding and butchering point of view. "Without good points," as a great authority has written, "you may have fat but not mutton." Mr. J. M'Gill, the Duke of Roxburgh, Lord Walsingham, Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., Lord Chesham, the Duke of Portland, and other famous breeders, were all competitors for "sheepish" awards, and the prizes were distributed in the various classes as follow:—Three-year-old cheviot wethers—First, J. M'Gill, Dumfries; second, the Duke of Roxburgh. Cheviot wethers, not exceeding 23 months old—First and second, R. H. Durie, Haddington. Southdowns—First and second, Lord Walsingham; third, J. J. Colman, M.P., Norwich. Shropshires—First, T. Nock, Shifnal; second, Lord Chesham; third, W. Yates, Shifnal. Lord Chesham also took the prize for the best fat Shropshire wether, and Mr. George Street, Ampthill, for the best pen of three fat Oxfordshire wethers. In sheep not qualified to compete in any other class John Brown, of Sleaford, took first and second prizes. The first and second prizes for cross-breeds were taken by the Duke of Portland. Lord Walsingham took first prize for best fat Southdown ewe, and Lord Chesham for best fat Shropshire ewe.

The exhibition of fat pigs was a sight in itself, and this "noble army of martyrs" went through the requisite amount of punching, umbrella-prodding, and smacking with the by no means light hands of the various breeders.

The Earl of Ellesmere, as everybody knows, has devoted much of his time to pig-breeding, and has been so far successful in turning out a more paying class of animals than any other breeder. In our report of the Bath and West of England Counties Show, held at Croydon this year, one of his Lordship's famous boars will be found illustrated. At Manchester, however, Lord Ellesmere found a foeman worthy of his pig-breeding prowess in another aspirant to "porcine honours," Mr. Peter Eden, of Manchester, whose famous "trotting" pony appeared in our report of the great International Horse-Show held at the Pomona-gardens, Manchester, in June last. We congratulate Mr. Eden upon his début as a pig-breeder, and it will be seen from the annexed prize-list that Lord Ellesmere has at last found a formidable competitor. The following were the awards:—Fat pigs: Best pen of three fat pigs of one litter, and not exceeding ten months old—1, the Earl of Ellesmere; 2, P. Eden, Salford. Best pen of three fat pigs, not exceeding fifteen months old—1, the Earl of Ellesmere; 2, the executors of the late John Wheeler and Sons, Long Compton, Shipston-on-Stour. Best fat pig exceeding fifteen months—1, the Earl of Ellesmere; 2, the executors of the late John Wheeler and Sons. Breeding pigs, large breed—1 and 2, Peter Eden. Middle breed—1 and 2, Peter Eden. Small breed—1, Peter Eden; 2, the Earl of Ellesmere. It may be mentioned that the fat pig exceeding fifteen months shown by the Earl of Ellesmere has won first prizes at twenty different shows.

Mrs. Elizabeth Percival, of Todd-street, Manchester, was awarded a silver cup for several samples of white cheese; and prizes for butter were awarded to Mr. W. Foden, Regent-road, Salford; Mr. H. Nield, Worsley; and Mr. J. Morgan, Kerry, Montgomeryshire.

A large and fashionable attendance visited the show throughout the opening day; amongst them we noted Mr. Dolby, agent for Mr. Fox, the well-known shorthorn breeder. Both these gentlemen have recently returned from America, after purchasing the famous shorthorn bull, 24th Duke of Airdrie, for the enormous sum of 4500 gs. The Duke goes to Mr. Fox's stud farm at Lichfield, near Birmingham, which we intend to visit shortly, for the purpose of giving our readers a special and illustrated account of the wonderfully high-priced and numerous valuable animals contained therein. We now come to the

BANQUET,

held in the splendid apartment of the Pomona Palace yclept the "tea-room," where over two hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner. The tables literally groaned with the weight of the viands, amongst other "light" dishes being a prize ox roasted whole, a prize pig, any amount of fowls and turkeys, an enormous game-pie, and a few whole sheep, "with vegetables to match," as Mrs. Rostron, who superintended and provided the menu, facetiously remarked. Travellers to and from Bolton railway station know Mr. and Mrs. Rostron to be the most dashing and liberal of refreshment entrepreneurs, and they certainly outdid all their previous efforts in the development of the banquet upon which we are now descanting. The tout ensemble of such "a spread" would utterly stagger a French chef at its wild and barbaric extravagance, if for nothing else. The scene reminded one of the tales of the "good old times," when this country rejoiced in the name of "Merry Englande," and

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves and bacon swine,
Herrons, and bitterns, peacocks, swans, and bustards,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custards

was not by any means an uncommon "bill of fare."

And withal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

Everything, however, in Manchester is on a grand scale, and so was the banquet. The Mayor of Salford (Mr. Alderman Harwood) presided. "The Queen" and "The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal family" were given from the chair, the latter being supported by the American Consul (Mr. Newton Crane) in eulogistic terms. The Rev. Dudley Hart responded to "The Bishop and Clergy, and Ministers of all Denominations." Mr. J. K. Boyall then proposed "The Houses of Parliament."

It had been originally arranged that Mr. W. J. Ingram, M.P. for Boston, should reply to this toast, but, owing to unavoidable detention elsewhere, the duty devolved upon Mr. H. C. Raikes, M.P., who, in referring to agriculture, said:—"Something had been done, he hoped, with a view to improve the dwellings of the poor in large towns, and he trusted that when the measure was fairly in working order Parliament might derive from it a useful precedent to improve the condition of the agricultural labourer in that respect was a matter which required the serious attention of Parliament, and though he was not an advocate for over-legislation in those matters, he thought they ought to congratulate each other if, through the action of Parliament, any improvement could be arrived at in the houses of agricultural labourers. Something had been done in regard to the benefit societies in which the working classes were so largely interested, the effect of which he hoped would be to restore public confidence in one of the most valuable elements of our social polity. The Agricultural Holdings Bill had changed the presumption with regard to the value of improvements from being in favour of the landowner to being in favour of the tenant; and by passing that bill Parliament had really sanctioned an alteration in the system of our social politics perhaps more important than any which had been effected for many years past. Speaking, as he was, within the limits of the metropolis of scientific industry, he must not forget that it was because scientific industry had almost revolutionised the processes of agriculture that these changes had become necessary. The relations in this country between landlord and tenant were most fortunate and happy, but it was reasonable that the man who expended capital and care and knowledge upon the cultivation of his land should require even stronger security than the mere good will of the landowner. In that direction had been shaped the legislation of the past Session, and he trusted in that measure, however it might require to be amended hereafter, they had the basis of a new and better understanding between landlord and tenant, and a fresh security for the maintenance and development of our ancient institutions and our social community."

The chairman proposed "Agriculture and Commerce," to which Mr. Charley, M.P., responded.

Several other toasts were drunk, and the meeting then terminated.

The exhibition of carriages, implements, machinery, and miscellaneous goods was the best we have ever seen, and would put South Kensington to the blush even in its best days. There were over 130 stands full of interesting novelties. The show of agricultural implements was exceptionally good, and we shall return to their discussion at another opportunity. The carriage exhibition contained vehicles from all the great makers' establishments, and were worthy of note as superb specimens of English manufacture. On the score of "safety" and elegance combined, however, we must select for special notice a "self-balancing safety dog-cart," with adjusting shafts to suit horses of any height, applicable to gigs and other two-wheeled vehicles, shown by the manufacturer, Mr. J. Osmond (the inventor and patentee), coach-builder, of Breakspeare-road, New-cross, London. This "dog-cart" meets a want long and universally felt—viz., of a perfectly safe two-wheeled vehicle; with this is coupled an absolutely perfect balance, at the same time maintaining freedom of motion to the shafts, which can be adjusted to any height of horse in less than one minute. The points which constitute safety to the driver lie in the fact that the front seat, with footboard and dash attached, are hung on pivots above their centres of gravity: on the horse falling, the momentum which would ordinarily throw the occupants over the horse's head, causes the seat, &c., to swing forward with them, and thus prevents their being thrown out. When driving the seat remains as firm as in any other dog-cart, the safety attachment only being called into play upon the horse falling. By the new patent balancing arrangement attached to this invention, a perfect balance is secured by the driver simply turning a small hand-wheel attached to his seat, which causes the body of the cart to shift backward and forward on the springs, thus leaving the shafts free. The patent adjustable shafts are heightened and lengthened by a simple motion, without the aid of a screw. We strongly recommend this invention to our readers' notice, and we purpose illustrating it with a horse attached in a subsequent Number, as we consider it our duty to recommend anything likely to conduce to the safety of drivers of any description of vehicle. Messrs. Day and Son, of Crewe, the well-known vendors of stock medicine, had a large stall, which was largely attended by breeders and others who have faith in their mixtures; while "Spratt's Meat Fibre Dog Cakes and Poultry Food" also had their circle of admirers. Dog owners who want the right articles should send to Henry Street, Bermondsey-street, London, for them, as upprincipled people are selling a spurious manufacture under Spratt's name. We can also recommend the patent dog medicines sold by this firm as being most simple and effective for dog diseases. We must now take our leave of the various articles exhibited at the Manchester Fat-Cattle Show, 1875, with the remark that much of the success of the venture is owing to the exertions of the popular secretary, Mr. Chadwick. The Midland Railway, as usual, gave universal satisfaction by the excellence of their carrying arrangements.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND DOG SHOW.

The entries for the twenty-seventh annual show at Bingley Hall, on Nov. 27, 29, and 30, and Dec. 1 and 2, are over the average, and an excellent display in nearly every department is anticipated. The private view of the dog show in Curzon Hall takes place next Monday. The entries are 1000 in number—17 less than last year—as will be seen from the following list:—Bloodhounds, 13; deerhounds, 23; greyhounds, 15; otterhounds, 3; harriers, 8; beagles, 9; fox terriers, 118; pointers, 76; English setters, 53; black-and-tan setters, 33; Irish setters, 35; retrievers, 63; Irish spaniels, 13; water spaniels (not Irish), 6; clumber spaniels, 12; Sussex spaniels, 18; large spaniels, 24; small ditto, 13; dachshunds, 26; foreign sporting dogs, 9; mastiffs, 54; St. Bernards, 41; Newfoundlands, 10; sheepdogs, 57; Dalmatians, 9; bull-dogs, 25; bull-terriers, 31; smooth-haired terriers, 8; black-and-tan-terriers (large), 25; small ditto, 11; Skye-terriers, 14; Dandie Dinmonts, 11; broken-haired terriers, 4; Bedlington terriers, 11; wire-haired terriers, 21; Pomeranians, 10; pugs, 26; Maltese, 6; Italian greyhounds, 5; Blenheim spaniels, 10; King Charles spaniels, 8; poodles, 4; smooth-haired toy-terriers, 19; broken-haired ditto, 5; large-sized foreign dogs, 5; small-sized ditto, 2.

Racing—Past and Future.

With the close of the current week the legitimate racing season may be fairly said to have come to an end, and though throughout the winter months there will be enough and to spare of cross country meetings to satisfy the cravings of those whose sporting tastes are as yet all unsatisfied with the results of the past nine months, yet the majority of regular turfites will henceforth be content to enjoy their well-earned retirement till Lincoln Spring once more calls them forth to do battle. Already the click of the ivories is to be heard in the Victoria, and many knights of the pencil are as deeply immersed in the mysteries of billiard handicaps as erst in the merits of Captain Machell's lot or the prospects of this or that dark juvenile for one of the back end nurseries. I feel while winding up my record of the past season like some enterprising draper selling off his summer stock at a marvellous sacrifice prior to exposing his latest winter fashions, and in like manner, bald and uninviting though the tale may be, I can only claim the indulgence of my readers on the ground that this is not the Ascot or Goodwood season, and that, if the racing is not of the highest order, it is not I who am responsible for the fact, but unsympathetic owners of horseflesh who decline to bring out their terribly high-bred cattle and expose them to coughs, influenza, and rheumatism by racing for trumpery prizes in the cold and wet to oblige the speculative portion of the British public.

During the winter I propose publishing a series of articles on the most prominent of next year's Derby candidates, in the course of which I shall endeavour to make a close analysis of the two-year-old form of the year, with a view to the selection of a champion to carry my hopes and fortunes to victory in the forthcoming contest for the blue ribbon of the turf. This is far from being the least interesting task that a turf writer can set himself, especially for one who regards a horse as something more than a mere gambling-machine, which, alas! has become far too prevalent a notion in the present day. With this brief announcement of my intentions as to the future I will, with what heart I may, assail my present task and take up the thread of my discourse at the third day of the Shrewsbury Meeting, which was another terrible day for backers, nearly all the favourites being bowled over in the most persistently unlucky manner. The Foregate Hurdle Race was the first on the card, and Sugarcane, on his flat-racing form, seemed to have a great chance given him; but he ran and jumped most ungenerously, and allowed Blue Ribbon, who was his only dangerous opponent, to win very easily. Ould Ireland was avenged in the Salopian Hurdle-Race, where Revenge, who was carrying the top weight, started at the nice price of 12 to 1, and won a brilliant race by half a length, Hippias and Mestiza being second and third, the favourite, Mr. E. Hobson's Emerald, finishing nearly last. Bugle March was not persevered with after the last hurdle, but she ran fairly well, and in minor company will show to greater advantage. Major Stapylton's Slander was put about as a good thing for the Caldecot Nursery, and justified the confidence of her supporters by winning the race, though she was manifestly tiring towards the finish, and was as nearly as possible beaten by The Rhine, who carried a 10lb penalty for his success on the previous day, in consequence of which he was not backed with any freedom, and started at 8 to 1. Professor was again followed by the stable, but cut up worse than in any of his previous essays, and is clearly not up to much. The Column Handicap, to the surprise of many, brought out Cœruleus with his 14lb penalty for winning the Great Shropshire Handicap; but, notwithstanding this, he was thought good enough to win, and was backed at evens against the field. It is quite clear, however, that the Brother to Blue Gown cannot stay beyond a mile, for at that point he was beaten, and Lady of the Lake and Tavistock Lass finished a rare race home, the former winning by a head, and literally snatching the prize out of the fire. The useful Miss Manfield was pitched upon by the talent to represent them in the Acton Burnell Stakes, and again there was a close finish between her and old Lincoln, who seems to have been racing ever since the days of the first Reform Bill, so long do I seem to remember him. He won, and was bought in for 170gs, so I suppose there is life in the old dog yet, and that he has not made his final adieu to the public. To my thinking, Mr. Winkle looked as well upon paper as anything else for the County Members' Handicap; but the knowing ones would not have him, and chose Dove-dale, Benedictine being next in demand, and the son of St. Albans and Peri quoted at 6 to 1. Well ridden by H. Jeffrey, he won by a neck from Rougemont, who was not supported for a shilling, the favourite being able to get no nearer than third. For the Selling Welter Plate Æsculamus was made an equal favourite with Tetrarch, but the winner turned up in an Irish filly by Belladrum out of Winged Bee called Joy Bells, who, after being disappointed twice in the race, beat Tetrarch by a length and a half, and was afterwards sold at auction for 270gs, which was a nice little benefit for Mr. Frail, as she was only entered to be sold for 150gs. Thus was another 12 to 1 chance recorded in favour of the jubilant bookmakers. In the Anglesey Nursery St. Moritz (6st 7lb), belonging to Tom Cannon, was said to be a stone better than Received (7st 5lb), and was consequently backed with spirit at 100 to 30; the actual favourite being, however, a colt, by General Peel out of Matilda, who, however, sustained an easy defeat from Wood-lark, who has been very unfortunate in being frequently placed, but failing to get his nose first past the post. Out of the thirty original subscribers to the Battlefield Handicap, only three faced the starter; and of these Day Dream was most fancied, while 3 to 1 might have been obtained about both Wrangler and Quantock. Again there was a close finish between Wrangler and Day Dream, resulting in the victory of the former by a head; and with this the day's sport terminated. As I before remarked, the financial operations of the talent were not altogether a success; but, apart from that, the weather was fine and the majority of finishes exciting; so that the off day, as it is called, may be said to have been the most successful of the whole meeting.

On the last day of the Shrewsbury Meeting there was a considerably larger attendance than on the Thursday, owing to the attraction offered by the Cup; but the weather was very unfavourable, a fine rain falling throughout the greater part of the day, reducing one to the condition described by Signor Mantalini as that of a "dreadful moist, unpleasant body." In the opening event, the Longner Steeplechase, Roman Bee brought the field along at such a pace that he had speedily cut most of their throats—and his own, too, for that matter—the race finally falling to Minimus without an effort, the second and third being merely so placed on sufferance, and few of the others passing the post. In the Handicap Hurdle-Race Sugarcane again showed a good deal of temper, and the race consequently fell to the favourite, Anathema, who beat Broomie-known by six lengths. A good favourite for the Hawkstone Welter Cup was found in Conseil, Young Sydmonton (who, it will be remembered, was much fancied by the knowing ones for the Cheshire) being next in demand. In the result Young Sydmonton (who, by-the-way, ought soon to have his

name changed to Old Sydmonton) cut down Conseil, and won easily by three lengths—not so bad a performance, considering that he was giving Mr. Skipton's horse 10lb. The Whitehall Nursery brought out Troubadour, the Hoodwink colt, Tetrarch, and St. Moritz—all of whom had performed previously during the week. The supporters of Tom Cannon gave St. Moritz another chance, while those who remembered how badly Troubadour got off on Wednesday, hoped for a reversal of his form on that occasion, and stuck to Mr. G. Payne's colours. It was a good race, and Troubadour won by a head from the Hoodwink colt, passing afterwards into Mr. Peck's stable for 200gs. Nothing cared to oppose Thunder for the Severn Cup, which, I may mention, was given by Mr. Frail to Mr. Vyner, notwithstanding that the conditions did not compel him to do so; and the jockeys were then weighed out for The Cup. On her public form, there was certainly nothing to compete with Stray Shot, who accordingly held her position at the head of the betting till the fall of the flag. An extraordinary run on the unknown outsider, Akbar, brought him to 9 to 2, and of the others Flying Scotchman and Louise Victoria were most in demand. The ground being very heavy, thoroughly upset all calculations, for Stray Shot could not act in the dirt, and the two top weights were speedily out of the race altogether. Flying Scotchman was ridden by that miniature horseman Gallon, who, though twenty-two years of age, scales only 5st 7lb, and if anything looked likely to beat the heavy weights it was Mr. Crawford's horse; but old Prodigal, who was turned loose with 7st 2lb, showed him a clean pair of heels as soon as they were in the line for home, and cantered in a winner by five lengths, Lily Agnes carrying her heavy impost gallantly into the third place. Again Dolus was to the fore in the Wrek Stakes, and was bought in after the race for 90gs. It seems to me that the way to win on the turf is to own one or two rank bad ones, and, when no one suspects it, pick up with them the little fish which we are proverbially told are so very sweet. The Forester Plate was the final event of the meeting, and was one of the severest blows experienced by backers throughout the week. Five out of the nine starters had a price in the betting, which was spirited enough; but the Famine filly, who won, was never once mentioned, and it was a veritable bookmakers' shout of rejoicing which went up when her number was hoisted on the board. Totting up the results of the Shrewsbury gathering, there can be no question but that the balance—owing partly to the heavy going, which militated greatly against the chances of some of the favourites—was largely against the gentlemen; and I hear that, on Monday, some large accounts had to stand over at the Corner. Let us hope that this is only a temporary tightness in the money market; but it is curious that, whenever the talent get "hit," the same complaints always crop up; while, to their honour be it said, it is very rarely indeed that a professional account is not forthcoming on the settling day.

The weather on the opening day at Warwick was miserable in the extreme, and the company was not very numerous. In fact, it was evident we had come to the last act of the play, and that the racing season of 1875 had arrived at its fitting termination. The commencement of proceedings was fixed for so early an hour that those who came from London by the specials in the morning missed the first three races. No great loss, perhaps, but sufficiently annoying to people who looked to getting their "exes," at least, over one or two of the good things on the card, the first of which was Gunner for the Donnington Handicap. The Lincoln winner was made the favourite, but I am not so sure that he ought to have won had Rossiter been strong enough to hold Mohican, who, pulling hard, ran very wide at the turn and allowed Gunner to get on terms with him, the latter winning at last by three lengths. Captain Machell won the Racing Stakes, for two-year-olds, with Suzette, who was sold afterwards to Mr. T. Green for 200gs; and, indeed, the Captain's stable was in fair form, as he won two other events the same afternoon, and was within an ace of carrying off a third. Pilgrim, who has the knack of getting over sticky ground, won the Welter Handicap from Tilley, and Knight of the Bath settled the pretensions of the very moderate Professor in the Nursery Handicap, albeit the supporters of the latter, undeterred by his previous failures, again elected him to the post of favouritism. The Selling Welter Plate fell to Sir Arthur, who thus verified his form at Liverpool with Pacha. On this occasion Tricotrin was second, giving the winner 5lb, and the performance was considered so good that Mr. Gomm gave 250gs for Sir Arthur, bringing him out later in the day for the 5 Soys Handicap, wherein he again beat Tricotrin, this time giving the latter 4lb, and passing finally into his old stable to the bid of Mr. Gerard for a "tenner" over the price given for him by Mr. Gomm. The Bilberry colt and Drumhead were equal favourites for the Selling Nursery Handicap, and the former, but for running very wide at the bend, would as nearly as possible have won, and, as it was, was only beaten a head by Drumhead, who was well and resolutely ridden by Jarvis. Mr. Waterhouse made a good claim on the Bilberry colt, and the winner was bought in for 190gs. The Union Hunt Cup fell to Roscommon, beating a fair field of cross-country nags; and then Captain Machell brought out Chando to do battle in the Handicap Hurdle-Race against Congress, Furley, and a perfect galaxy of jumping talent. It was a good performance on the part of the son of the Duke, who fenced beautifully, and, having the speed to finish with, fairly raced away from his field and beat the favourite Antidote by twelve lengths, the others being literally nowhere. In the match between Lady Adza and Duellist odds of 5 to 2 were laid on the former, but it was a much nearer thing than her Ladyship's backers imagined, and they must have been considerably relieved when the struggle was over and she was pronounced to have won by a neck, though at the last hurdle there did not seem to be the toss up of a halfpenny between the pair.

With the promise of a good day's racing, including the Warwick Steeplechase, the Great Autumn Welter Cup, and the Midland Counties Handicap, a large company assembled on Wednesday in defiance of the elements, which were again unpropitious, rain falling during the greater part of the afternoon. In the Warwick Steeplechase Mr. Yates supplied the favourite in Montabart, the Shrewsbury winner Minimus being next in demand; while Captain Machell ran both Regal and Daniel and backed both, long prices being obtainable about the others. Roman Bee, as he always does, led off the field at a cracking pace, and kept in the front rank until quite within the racecourse. At the last flight of hurdles Regal looked all over a winner; but she seemed to tire a good deal towards the finish, and Waddington, coming with a well-timed rush upon Annie, succeeded in catching the leader on the post and making a dead-heat of it. Regal afterwards walked over and the stakes were divided. The Maiden Hurdle-Race which followed fell to Marigny, who might not have won but for Austerlitz, who was his most dangerous opponent, falling at the last hurdle but one. Mr. T. Green was again in luck in the Envile Stakes, which he won with La Friponne, Fleurance being second, five lengths from the winner. These were the only two backed in the ring, and the bookmakers already began to pull long faces and to fancy themselves hardly used, forgetting what a time they had of it at Shrews-

bury. Curator was looked upon as so good a thing for the Second Nursery that odds of 4 to 1 were laid on him against two opponents. It was not quite so good a thing, however, as people fancied, for the favourite was beaten at the distance, and it was only through sheer gameness, struggling on under whip and spur, that he managed to overhaul the Dancing Scotchman and finally win by a neck. In the Great Autumn Welter Cup Tilley fairly astonished those who had seen her recent performances by winning from Old Fashion by a neck, Peeping Tom third. The latter looked like coming through his horses at the finish, but could not get to the front, and Lord Falmouth cannot regret having got rid of a most disappointing animal. Kempton looked like a good thing for the Tally-ho Stakes, and was backed at evens accordingly; but was beaten by half a length by Dewdrop. Prodigal's victory at Shrewsbury fairly frightened most of the owners of horses in the Midland Counties Handicap; and indeed it did look difficult in so rotten a field to pick one to beat the old horse, who looked and went very well. In the face of Prodigal's penalty, Flying Scotchman looked the next best on paper; and Gastgeber, who has just arrived from Germany, was backed as if his friends thought him capable, in spite of having been beaten in his trial, of upsetting the favourite. The German, however, was never in the race; and Peeping Tom, who ran again, performed even worse than earlier in the day. At the finish Prodigal won pretty easily from Fairy King, Flying Scotchman being a good third. The Welter Handicap fell to Mr. G. Payne's Makeshift colt, who at one time was talked about in connection with this year's Derby, after a brilliant set-to with Zacheus, who was only beaten by a head. Harmonides ran very badly here, and was beaten off. He has probably had enough racing for a time, and will come out like a giant refreshed in the spring. Mr. Winkle eclipsed all his previous performances in the Guy Welter Cup, carrying 9st 5lb, and giving close upon 2st to Pascarel, who ran second. Mr. Gomm's Prince Arthur was the favourite, but sadly disappointed his party. Mr. Winkle's running lately has just been a little what may be termed in and out, but there can be no doubt that he is a good horse when in the humour to try. Duellist, after the close race he made of it with Lady Adza, looked to have the best chance in his match with Leave-it-to-me, and a shade of odds were laid on him, which he landed easily by three lengths; and with this the great day of the Warwick meeting was brought to a most successful termination. Next week there will be work for the metropolitan division at Croydon; but at this early period of the season it is somewhat difficult to judge of steeplechase form, and the best thing to be done is to rely upon the animals whom we have seen out already at Shrewsbury and Warwick. Last of the Lambs is said to be a good fencer, but more will be known of his prospects for the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase (in which he has only 10st 5lb to carry) nearer the day. Meanwhile, I shall be content to rely upon

DAYBREAK and VICTOIRE.

In the Grand National Handicap Hurdle-Race I shall select GRANDIOS and ANTIDOTE, though it will be safer, in any case, to wait for the numbers to be hoisted before putting down the money.

At the moment of writing it looks so ominously like frost that it would not surprise me if it were found necessary to postpone the Woodside Meeting altogether; and there are few racing-men, I should think, who would not welcome a little enforced idleness just now. I can only speak for myself; but I can assure my readers that a racecourse is at present anything but "the place to spend a happy day;" and if they doubt my word they had better take a holiday and try it next week.

DONCASTER.

GUN ACCIDENTS.

"The Melancholy Gun Accident Season" has set in with more than its usual severity this year. Here are a brace of them ready to hand, one of which is reported from Tiverton, the residence of Lord Inchiquin. A large shooting-party was invited to the preserves on Wednesday, among whom were the nephews of his Lordship, Messrs. Audry and Robert O'Brien. The sport had scarcely commenced when the gun of the former accidentally went off, the contents lodging in the temples of his brother, who was only about ten yards distant. Mr. O'Brien was taken from the field insensible and bleeding profusely. There is not the slightest hope of his recovery.

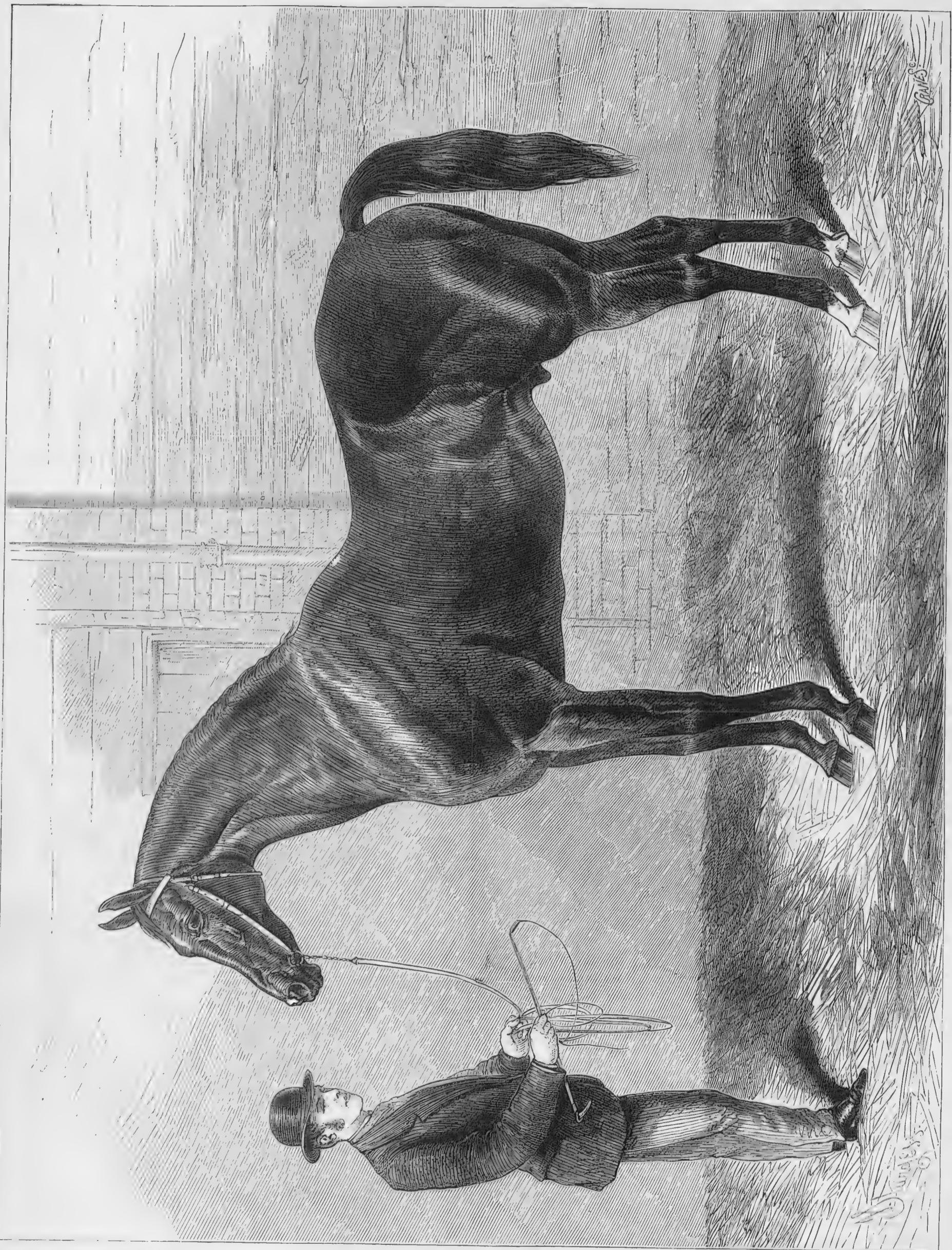
On Tuesday afternoon an accident, which may prove fatal, happened to Mr. W. E. Mitchell, landlord of the Sun Inn, Main-spruit Wiend. He was out shooting, with four other persons from Preston, on the farm of Mr. Cartmel, at Kirkham; and when Mr. Cartmel, of Preston, was passing under a fence, the trigger of his gun was caught by a twig and the piece exploded. The charge was lodged in the back of Mr. Mitchell's head. The injured man was quickly conveyed to the Kirkham railway station and thence home. Fears are entertained as to the result of the accident.

Upon diagnosing these two cases, it appears to us that the use of "rebounding locks" might possibly have obviated such sad results. The rebounder cock never lies upon either the cap of a muzzleloader or the plunger of a breechloader. When the gun is discharged, the striker comes of its own accord to half-cock, and by no possibility can the gun be exploded unless placed by the sportsman on full-cock, and the trigger pulled. A little time since we noticed in a contemporary more or less celebrated for its sham sporting articles, "that to use a rebounder was unfair to the game, and Colonel Hawker would have repudiated the idea." Why the opinion of the most unscientific of all so-called sporting authors should be perpetually dragged in to bolster up the culpable ignorance of unprofessional sporting writers, whose knowledge, like Colonel Hawker's, is at best but reflected, we do not know; unless it is to prove the exception to the well-known maxim that "two of a trade can never agree."

ANOTHER SHOOTING ACCIDENT.—At Burdeross Park, near Pivindon, on Wednesday, Major Calley was shot in the groin by one of his guests, who was following up a partridge.

CO-OPERATION has been proved so great a success by the Civil Service Society, and so many persons have tried in vain to become members of this flourishing association, that it is scarcely surprising to see the announcement of the London and Westminster Supply Association (Limited), which offers the following advantages to shareholders:—No restrictions with regard to class or profession; profits to be divided among shareholders of both classes and annual purchasers to the extent of £50; and carriage-paid on purchases of 10s. for London and £1 for the country. The London and Westminster Supply Association has also a most experienced secretary in Mr. W. Ashton, late assistant secretary to the Civil Service Supply Association.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advt.]



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD. No. XLII.—"KING TOM."

Our Captain Critic.

'Arry has been writing to me again upon one of his favourite topics. I think I introduced 'Arry to you before. However, even if I did not, there need be no ceremony over the matter, as he is an obscure person who earns his living by

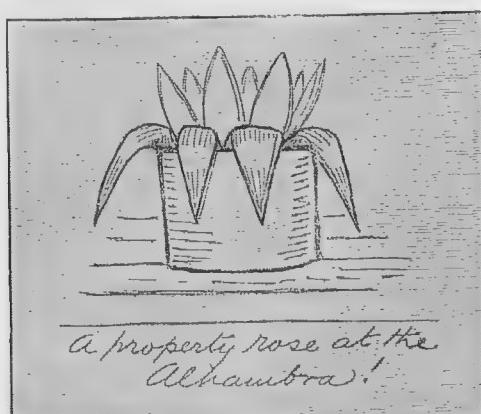


trade and lives east of Temple-bar. I find his remarks sometimes useful as well as entertaining, because he sees everything from the point of view of the common people, with which, of course, the dignity of my position prevents me from becoming personally acquainted. He writes upon this occasion to inform me that he has hit upon a "brilliant idea." Now, brilliant ideas are not to be picked up every day; let us examine what 'Arry has got to say for himself.

As you know (he remarks), I am a great frequenter of music-halls. I like their music; it is jolly. I like their jokes, they are simple and comic. I like their singing and dancing, they are so exhilarating. Besides, one can always learn a lesson in gentlemanly deportment by merely observing Mr. Leybourne and the like. When I am about to get a new suit of clothes I invariably go to a music-hall to take hints with regard to style from the latest popular hero in the "star comique" line. The result is always eminently satisfactory. The young lady from whom I buy my cigars (Cubas, three for two-pence—capital weeds; you just try 'em) told me that I was the best-dressed man in Islington; and with regard to a brilliant orange-neck-tie which I copied directly from a celebrated "comique," she said I "become it beautiful." She is a very discerning girl. I shall take her out somewhere on Sunday—blessed if I don't! Yes; long flourish the Music-Hall!—the 'Ome of 'Armony, the Abode of 'Appiness, the People's Paradise. (The dear People! Excuse the parenthesis, but I do love my fellow-creatures so.) If asked by a friend from the country who does not know his way about for a hint or two upon metropolitan geography, I say London is a large village (village is my witty way of putting it), bounded on the north by the Bedford and Sam Collins's, on the south by the Canterbury and South London, on the west by the Sun, &c., and on the east by the Foresters', &c. To all these fashionable resorts, and to every other music-hall within their radius, I have been more than once—except Evans's; I only went once to Evans's, and I don't much want to go again. It was like a funeral until Jolly Nash came on, when, of course, I laughed fit to split myself, and applauded with my stick upon the table, and cried *ancore!* till I noticed a shabby-looking customer, who was eating a beefsteak opposite, beginning to stare at me as though I were a curiosity of some sort. Then he pulled his companion violently by the sleeve, and said, in the greatest excitement, "Look—look, I say, here's a fellow actually *enjoying it!*" Upon which they both stared at me, and ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" as though they had pains in the stomach. I couldn't stand this, so I asked them what they meant? and we had a bit of an altercation, which ended in my demanding the fust chap's card. He said he didn't carry one, but that he was Thomas Carlyle, of Chelsea, and if I inquired for him at the British

halls, or I should not have said so much about them. In fact, it occurred to me in a music-hall. Thus:—There is a fair serio-comic vocalist whose charms and talents I have long admired with passionate admiration, and to become personally intimate with whom has been the dream of my life. Last night that dream became a reality. I was introduced to her after she had finished her last "turn" at a hall which shall be nameless. Her name, also, I will never mention—for she is married. Alas! yes; she herself introduced me to her husband, a gentlemanly-dressed man with sealskin collar and cuffs to his coat, a bright ruby pin in an emerald-green scarf, blue kid gloves, plaid trousers, albert gaiters, and a white hat. I strangled my passion manfully. Naught save pure friendship did I offer to her now; and bitterly did I regret having, in my ignorance, so often from the midst of the audience indulged in gestures and displayed fascinations calculated to disturb her conjugal fidelity. Too plainly I soon perceived that I had made an undue impression upon her

heart. But for the future, rather than feed that flame, I will give up my favourite diversion and banish myself from the music-hall for ever. We conversed together, she and I. I expatiated enthusiastically upon my pet topic—the profession of which she is a bright and beautiful ornament. It was noble, glorious, fascinating, I said; and the artistes ought to be much more liberally remunerated. As to that, she informed me that they did not do so badly, she herself never earning less than three pounds a night. "Just Heavens!" I inwardly ejaculated, clutching the solitary half-crown which was my sole capital, "why am I not a music-hall artiste? or why, at least, am I not married to one?" Perceiving the melancholy shade gather o'er my brow (as you are aware, I have the Kemble forehead), she told me in a gentle murmur that I was very good-looking. I blushed, conscious of my personal advantages; and, as if she divined my innermost thoughts, she added that I would look charming upon the music-hall stage. It was then, like a flash of lightning, that my brilliant idea



Museum any day I should be safe to find him. "Ask for the president," says he; "mention my name and they'll treat you like one of themselves." After they were gone, the waiter informed me that they were two celebrated artists. They may be artists, I said with dignity, but they are no gentlemen. There, I continued, pointing to the stage, where J. N. was still singing, there is my idea of an artist and a gentleman. The waiter perfectly agreed with me. I don't go any more to Evans's, thank you! Company not good enough for 'Arry, unless I could go always in the boxes, which were filled with ladies—perfect ladies. But I am forgetting my brilliant idea all this time. Of course it has to do with music-

dawned upon me. I beamed with joyous smiles. I brought forth my half-crown. I ordered drinks. I paid for them.

Brandy-and-soda for Her	1s.
Sherry-and-seltzer for Him	1s.
Glass of ale for Self	2d.
Balance in hand afterwards	4d.

Yet with this seemingly meagre sum in my pocket I went home feeling wealthier than I had felt for months; for had I not an idea? It was this. I reflected that publicity is the very breath of life to all artistes. What were the means of publicity? Advertisement. Did not popular actors and actresses spend large sums of money upon advertising their merits and portraying their charms? Undoubtedly. And would they not hail with delight any new and captivating method of advertisement? It seemed beyond question. Well, then, I have hit upon a novel and brilliant plan. If the popular comic and serio-comic vocalists of the music-hall, instead of singing meaningless ditties concerning "Mary Jane, who lives in Camberwell," or "Jane who, walking down the street, showed her pretty little feet," or "Maud, who is the belle of Camden Town," or any other fictitious heroine, were to sing the charms and accomplishments of real alive rising

actresses, would it not open up a new and profitable field of advertisement? To give a specimen or two; and I have endeavoured, as far as my uneducated faculties will allow me, to imitate the rhythmical elegance and extreme refinement of diction that are so characteristic of the music-hall ditty:—

It might be 9, or maybe later,
I goes into the Strand Theayter.
Says they to me, Why have you come?
Says I, To hear
That little dear

Angelina play the drum.
Chorus. Have you seen her (Who?) Angelina
Claude a-playing on the drum?

I did not see her, as it happened; but no matter. Or, again—

Of all the beauties on the stage,
Provincial or metropol'tan,
The fairest charmer of the ago
Is beautiful Minnie Walton.

(Spoken). You bet your bottom dollar! Every evening at the 'Aymarket. And now, jolly pals, chorus all together, "Of all the beauties," &c.

Just fancy the effect of such songs delivered *ore rotundo* to taking airs by a glorious creature in evening dress—the great So-and-So. Why, newspaper puffs would be nowhere and picture posters feeble in comparison. It is a fact that the great comiques are the oracles of the pleasure-seeking youths of the period. They give the *ton* of all matters of "high life," from the curl of a hat down to the pronunciation of English. I remember when I first heard the great Vance (or was it the greater Leybourne?) sing his song about "Clicquot" I was miserable until I had qualified myself for joining in the chorus by saving up my money, inviting myself to a banquet, ordering a bottle of Clicquot, toasting myself and many imaginary mistresses until I awoke next morning in a police-cell singing "Clicquot, that's the wine for me." Such is the influence of great comiques. And would it not repay any rising actress to fee one of them liberally who would chant her praises nightly in different music-halls all over London in the way I have suggested? At first I meant to keep my idea a secret and embark in it myself. But my aristocratic relations in Whitechapel would never hear of my going on the stage. So I should like to commend the notion to the profession generally. Let whoever takes it up state the terms upon which he will sing the praises of any given actress—so much down for the song and so much per night wherever it is sung. He will surely have *prima-donnas*, *opera-bouffons*, *comédiennes*, and all manner of artistes flocking to him, money in hand. If, perchance, he should meet with actresses sufficiently dignified to refuse his tempting offer, what would be more easy than to threaten her? Threaten to *lampoon* her in a satirical song, and you will see how soon she will accept the lesser of two evils, or at any rate bribe the witty creature to forbear mentioning her name at all.

All I can say for 'Arry's brilliant idea is that were he the black-mailing editor of a low-class theatrical journal (with a remarkable eye for colour) he could not have hit on a more brilliant one.

In spite of all that can be said against it, the ballet, when scientifically treated, is one of the most artistic and graceful entertainments that is put upon the stage. Unfortunately, of late years it has died the death. Can-can quadrilles and break-downs have killed it. Many an excellent ballet have I witnessed at the Alhambra before Sara and her predecessors put their feet in it. In the *Flower Queen* Mr. Cave has certainly made an effort to reproduce the legitimate ballet d'action. And, although he cannot quite be accredited with originality of plot, Mr. John Lauri has arranged the dances with considerable skill. The dresses, designed by Mr. Alfred Maltby, are certainly an advance upon his previous efforts; the only fault I can find with them being an excess of positive colour. It is a pity that designers of dresses cannot see the scenery which is to be his background before he sets to work. I say this because the scenery of the *Flower Queen* is really exquisite—temperate in colour and graceful in design. Yet over and over again the effect of it is destroyed by the glaring colour introduced on the stage. I do not now so much allude to the dresses, but to the atrocious maypole that is thrust up through the middle of the stage, and to all the other "properties," which are utterly out of keeping, having a glare and a glitter sufficient to "kill" the effect of infinitely less delicate colouring than that of the Alhambra scenic artist—whose name, by-the-by, is not in the programme. The music is very carefully selected and satisfactorily arranged by M. Jacobi. The ballet altogether is one of the best I have witnessed for a long time. It is interesting to contrast the difference in style between the dancing of Mdlles. Pitteri and Pertoldi. They both appear equally popular; but the former, though she lacks a certain sympathetic vivacity which is characteristic of Pertoldi, yet her style is superior, and cannot be otherwise designated than as the perfection of training. The *mise-en-scène*, however, is open to vast improvement in the respects I have indicated already.

Athletic Sports.

WERE any proof wanting of the extreme popularity of the London Athletic Club the attendance at Lillie-bridge last Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of their final meeting this season, would in itself have been sufficient to justify even the sceptical, as, in spite of the dull, dreary afternoon and the bitterly cold northerly wind, it is computed that fully 3000 spectators were present, many of whom were of the gentle sex. That comparative novelty, "the tug of war," attracted a large number of the volunteer element, and eventually the 10th Kent Artillery beat the 2nd Surrey Volunteers in the final pulls. Some of the "tugs" excited a great deal of amusement, notably that between the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers and the German Gymnastic Society's team No. 2, as, when the word was given, the bluejackets literally hauled their opponents over the line with a run, and only ceased their exertions when brought up all standing by the posts and rails. To the surprise of many, the London Athletic Club team, which consisted of their heaviest men, were easily defeated by the 2nd Surrey Volunteers, who, as above stated, had finally to play second fiddle to the 10th Kent Artillery, a dozen burly artisans from the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, although they, the 2nd Surrey, obtained the first of the three final "tugs." No one had the temerity to oppose the champion, Walter Slade, over his favourite distance for the mile challenge cup, and the same may be said of the 440-yards challenge cup, for which F. T. Elborough was indulged with a walk over. The much-vaunted 300-yards race between Elborough and G. F. Griffin also came to nothing, as Griffin never showed up, and the match was consequently declared off. That "most excellent fancy"—I might almost say "that infinite jest"—the seven-mile walking challenge cup, produced the large number of two competitors, out of an original entry of four. H. F. B. Ansell (the holder) wisely refrained from competing, and the issue was left to J. Berry and H. Venn. The former went off at a great pace and in very queer style, and when he had covered half a mile, in 3min 11sec only, he was summarily disqualified. Venn then finished alone, and, walking in very fine form, completed the seven miles in the excellent time of 54min 22sec—a performance which at once stamps him as a walker inferior to few. Although in my last week's notes I ventured to predict his success, I take no credit for my "tip," as I knew he was very fit and that he would not be opposed by very much talent. In the final heat of the 120-yards handicap for members A. Powles (5 yards' start), J. H. A. Reay (5½), H. T. Round (12½), S. F. Weall (14), J. Shearman (7½), and A. Barker (10½) competed. Three of this number were put back a yard for trying to poach a bit at the start; but on the pistol being fired, although Powles got away with his accustomed quickness, he could never get up to Round and Barker, the former of whom won by about a yard, Powles being a foot behind the second man; time, 12sec. The 600-yards challenge cup handicap, for members, brought out nine runners—viz., J. Metcalf (45 yards' start), F. W. Yateman (40), J. Berry (40), C. G. Cudby (39), G. F.

Henderson (35), F. B. Montague, the holder (30), A. E. Ball (23), W. H. Hill (12), and F. T. Elborough (5). The three last named were in front on entering the straight run in, but the result lay between Elborough and Hill only. In about the last seventy yards Elborough shook off Hill and won by three yards, Ball being about two behind the second man, and Cudby fourth. The official time given was 1min 13½ sec, and this in the face of a strong wind makes it a still better performance and quite puts J. C. Clegg's time—viz., 1min 15sec—in the shade, even bearing in mind that Elborough had five yards off. H. T. Round, L.A.C. (22 yards' start); W. Whitfield, Windsor Home Park F.C. (21); S. T. W. Langworth, L.A.C. (20); A. Barker, L.A.C. (18); C. A. W. Gilbert, L.A.C. (13); J. Shearman, L.A.C. (12½); and A. Powles, L.A.C. (9); were left in the final heat of the 220-yards open handicap. Barker eventually won by a yard from Langworth, who defeated Gilbert by a foot; time, 23sec. The 1000-yards open handicap brought out no less than nineteen runners, with starts varying from 100 to 21 yards, F. W. Todd (Irish Champion Athletic Club), with the latter start, being the virtual scratch man. The winner turned up in the person of C. W. Banks, South London Harriers, who, with 90 yards' start, won by two yards from C. W. Randall, L.A.C. (58), while D. Houston, L.A.C. (67), and T. Lawrence, L.A.C. (82), ran a dead-heat for third place, half a yard behind Randall. This was by no means a bad piece of handicapping, but the same cannot be said of the only other event—viz., the three-mile open handicap. However, twenty-three went to their respective marks, with starts varying from 55sec to 135sec. The race was run almost in the dark, and it was impossible to see more than thirty yards off, so any description is simply out of the question. W. A. Tyler, L.A.C., with 125sec start, won easily by forty yards from C. H. Mason, L.A.C. (55sec), the virtual scratch man; while P. II. Stenning, Thames Hare and Hounds (60sec), was a similar distance behind Mason. Time, 16min 41sec. In the programme of the day's sport it is expressly stated that "the committee reserve the right of making any alteration in the programme that may be deemed necessary." Now, might I be allowed to suggest to the committee that, on a future occasion, it would be as well not to have the two long-distance races run within a quarter of an hour of each other; as, even supposing that one man intended to have a cut in both at the 1000 yards and the three miles, fifteen minutes is not quite time long enough to get rid of the effects of one race before being called upon to start for the second.

At Cambridge, in the various college sports, there is not much which calls for any special remark, except, perhaps, the rather unexpected defeat sustained by Ellborough in the St. John's College sports on Thursday week. On the previous day, from scratch, he had won his heat in the strangers' 300-yards race on the post by a foot in 31 4-5sec; but on the following day he was unplaced to E. J. D. Simpson, of Trinity (21 yards' start) and G. Bayley, of Trinity (12), in 31 3-5sec, he finishing almost absolutely last. At Pembroke College sports H. G. Jeaffreson, a freshman, carried off the Freshmen's 200-Yards race in 23 2-5sec, and the quarter-of-a-mile race by 12 yards in 58 4-5sec. With practice he will most likely improve considerably on this. At Queen's College sports, held on Monday, J. O. Butler won the high jump, the long jump (17ft 6in), and the 120-yards hurdle-race by eight yards in 21 2-5sec. In the half-mile strangers' handicap, at the Third Trinity and King's College sports, H. Eardley-Wilmot, of Clare, was very leniently treated with 70 yards' start, and he won with great ease by fully a dozen yards in 2min 3 2-5sec. From Oxford the principal items are in throwing the cricket-ball at the various sports. At those of Worcester College W. A. Strawbridge is credited with a throw of 101 yards. At the Oriel sports W. H. Game, the well-known cricketer, who heads the list of long-distance throwers, covered 113 yards, A. G. Williams being second with 101 yards. At Christ Church Sports T. W. Story throws 100 yards (amazingly printed 100ft in a contemporary); and at New College H. G. Tylecote 107 yards.

It may be remembered that the first ties for the Association Challenge Cup at Football had been got through last week, with the exception of that between the Crystal Palace Club and the 105th Regiment, who had met at Aldershot on the 6th inst., without any definite result being arrived at. On Saturday last they met for the second time on Kennington Oval, and soon after the ball was started Neame scored the first goal for the Palace from a long but well-directed kick. Up to half-time no further score was obtained by either side. Aided now by the wind, the Palace team had no difficulty in keeping the ball pretty well always in their opponents' quarters, and, the backs of the 105th not offering much resistance, the captain of the Palace secured another goal for his side, which was quickly followed up by a third by P. Barlow. The Palace thus won by three goals to none. At a meeting of the committee of the Association Challenge Cup, held at the Surrey Cricket Ground, the second ties were drawn as follows:—Upton Park play Sheffield, Maidenhead play Old Etonians, Oxford University play Hertfordshire Rangers, the Panthers play Royal Engineers, Leyton play Clapham Rovers, the Wanderers play the Crystal Palace Club, South Norwood play the Swifts, Reigate Priory play Cambridge University. The following fixtures have been made by the Sheffield Association for the present season—viz., Dec. 11, v. Cambridge University; Jan. 1, at Kennington, v. London Jan. 3, at Slough, v. the Swifts; Jan. 22, at Sheffield, v. Swifts (return); Feb. 19, at Sheffield, v. Scotland; March 25, at Sheffield, v. London (return). On Saturday last Cambridge University played the Royal Engineers on Parker's Piece, and, although both sides showed great determination, when time was called no score had been obtained, and the game thus ended in a draw. A weak team of the Wanderers on the same day tried conclusions, at the Parks, Oxford, against the full strength of the University, and, as might be expected, the Wanderers had to put up with a defeat, the University scoring three goals to one. As both Oxford and Cambridge are particularly strong this year, a most determined and close contest may be anticipated on Saturday, when the two Universities meet at Kennington Oval. There is hardly any place in England where sport of any kind whatever is more popular than in Sheffield; and this fact does not cause much astonishment when we are told that 2000 spectators paid for admission at Bramall-lane last Saturday, when Sheffield played Birmingham. The match, however, was of a very one-sided character, Sheffield obtaining two goals before half-time and winning finally by six goals to nothing. It had almost escaped notice that the Scottish Inter-University match between Edinburgh and Glasgow was played on Saturday last, on the grounds of the latter. The game was of a most animated description, but, favoured by fortune, was claimed by Edinburgh, who scored one goal to two tries. Several other matches of interest took place last Saturday, the results of which may be briefly recapitulated here:—Woodford Wells beat the 1st Surrey Rifles at Camberwell by five goals to two; St. Bartholomew's Hospital defeated London Hospital in Victoria Park by three goals and one touch down to one touch down; Barnes, on their own ground, against South Norwood, scored one goal to nothing; while at Ladywell the Hermits defeated Beckenham by one goal, seven tries,

and numerous touch downs to nothing. Owing to the flooded state of the Timbrels at Eton, the match between the College and the Swifts was played at Slough. The Etonians had the game nearly all in their own hands, and won by a rouge to nothing.

As might be expected after Boyd's defeat by Sadler, a number of matches have been talked about in Newcastle—I use the term *talked about* advisedly, as, although matches were proposed and money staked, nothing was definitely arranged, and the cash staked has been ultimately drawn. The first proposal emanated from Mr. Percy, who offered to match Boyd and William Nicholson, of Gateshead, to row any two men in England an open-boat race, for £100 each match, on the Tyne, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, one race to take place on Dec. 25 and the second on New-Year's Day. Mr. Peter Burke closed with the offer, intending to nominate Sadler and Bagnall; but on the following evening nothing further was done, and the £5 a side staked was drawn. Another match was attempted to be made between Boyd and Sadler over a mile and a quarter, but the contracting parties could not agree as to terms, and nothing came of the proposed affair. Boyd has offered to row any man in the world a mile on the Tyne, or any man, bar Sadler, over the Tyne championship course. It is authoritatively stated in a contemporary that Sadler has no intention of rowing any more matches this year.

There has not been much doing in the way of billiards lately; but on Wednesday, the 17th, Cook and Taylor played a couple of exhibition games at the Guildhall Tavern, in the afternoon and evening, Taylor receiving 180 points start in a game of 750 and one ball each game at pyramids. The billiards Taylor won by 490 points, one break amounting to 223, comprising 45 and 22 spot strokes. Cook, at the close of the game, made 111 (19 spots). Taylor also won four games at pyramids to two for Cook. In the evening Taylor played quite as well as in the afternoon, and, although at one time Cook passed him, their scores being 567 to 424, Taylor at his next attempt ran right out with an unfinished break of 326 (93 spots). Being requested to continue, he added 26 more chassepots before failing to score, the whole break amounting to 404. He also won four games of pyramids to Cook's three.

EXON.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB ASSAULT OF ARMS.

To say that St. James's Large Hall was crowded from floor to ceiling on Wednesday evening, when the seventh annual assault of arms of this favourite athletic club took place, would be by no means overstating facts. Among the company present a large percentage consisted of ladies, who by their presence showed that feats of skill and strength are not at all unappreciated by them. The proceedings commenced by Corporal-Major Greaves, of the 2nd Life Guards, who was armed with a sabre, being opposed to Corporal Blackburn, of the same regiment, who wielded a rifle and bayonet. Both men showed great cleverness with their respective weapons; but the balance of points was gained by the swordsman. After a bout with the gloves between Mr. J. Douglas, the middle-weight amateur champion, and Mr. Bridges Webb, both of the L.A.C., Messrs. Calkin and Sowerby displayed their skill with the foils. Singlestick then followed, the performers being Mr. H. S. Dixon and Trooper Otterway, 2nd Life Guards, and, in spite of the trooper's prowess, the amateur made several good hits. A very equal rally with the gloves between Mr. Giles and Mr. Stapleton afforded considerable amusement. Indian club exercise had its exponents in Mr. Cudby (L.A.C.) and Mr. C. Le Maire, of the German Gymnastic Society, the latter using one pair 5ft 7in long, weighing 22lb, and another pair weighing 40lb. The cutlass and bayonet attack and defence exercise by the instructor of H.M.S. President brought down great applause, as did also the sword exercise by the corporals of the 2nd Life Guards and the bayonet exercise by the men of the 3rd Grenadiers. A set-to with singlesticks, between Corporal-Major Dean, 2nd Life Guards, and Instructor Jones, H.M.S. President, savoured rather too much of reality. Mr. Wm. Waddell, the popular secretary of the club, and Professor Waite had a lightly-played tune with sabres; the latter also showed great skill in dividing a leg of mutton at one stroke, and cutting an apple in half on the naked palm of a man's hand. The horizontal bar exercise by the members of the G.G.S. and the Cumberland and Westmorland wrestlers were, as usual, very clever; but perhaps the greatest attraction was afforded by the boxing of Jem Mace and Charles Davis, who had three good-tempered rounds.

"SENTENCED TO DEATH."

We this week give a representation of a leading scene from the new and original drama, *Sentenced to Death; or, Paid in his own Coin*, now being performed with unbounded success at the Grecian Theatre. *Sentenced to Death*, the joint production of Mr. George Conquest and Mr. H. Pettit, and first brought out here on the 14th of last month, on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr. G. Conquest, is a drama of powerful interest, abounding in stirring incidents and situations, ingeniously devised and skilfully developed. The dialogue is appropriate, and above the average of excellence. It is put on the stage in the most perfect manner: some of the scenes—especially that of the first act, Lea Farm, Essex, with its live cattle, sheep, poultry, moving waggons, and other homestead surroundings—have never been surpassed for realism on the stage. The characters, moreover, are admirably supported; and conspicuous above all is the singularly clever acting and marvellous make up, in the latter acts, as a decrepit old pauper, of Mr. George Conquest as the villain of the piece, Hoyley Snayle. Such make up and simulation of the infirmity and decrepitude of old age might not unworthily be compared to those of Mr. Jefferson, in *Rip van Winkle*. Independent of the exciting interest of the drama, to witness this really unique impersonation by Mr. Conquest will repay a pilgrimage to the Grecian.

"A POPULAR IDOL," the new novel by Mr. William Mackay, will be published by Messrs. Bentley on the 20th of next month.

SALES OF GREYHOUNDS.—We beg to call the attention of our readers to the sales of greyhounds belonging to Mr. W. H. Clark and Mr. R. Clemiston, at Aldridge's, on the 11th and 18th proximo. Particulars will be found in our advertisement columns.

PRICES OF GAME AND POULTRY.—We have had such large consignments of game and poultry that we are now selling them by auction. Prices have ruled pretty much as follows this week:—Capons, 5s. 6d. to 9s.; fowls, 3s. 6d. to 5s.; chickens, 1s. 6d. to 3s.; turkeys, 5s. 6d. to 15s.; geese, 5s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; ducks, 2s. 6d. to 4s.; pheasants, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; partridges, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; grouse, 3s. to 4s.; black game, 3s. to 4s.; capercailzie, 5s. to 7s. 6d.; woodcock, 3s. to 4s.; snipe, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; jack ditto, 4d.; plover, 9d.; golden ditto, 1s. 3d.; red-shank, 6d.; godwit, 1s.; knot, 4d.; stints, 1s. per dozen; wild ducks, 2s. to 3s.; widgeon, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; pintail, 2s. 3d.; teal, 1s. 3d.; larks, 1s. 6d. per dozen; hares 3s. to 4s. 6d.; rabbits, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d.; wild ditto, 1s. to 1s. 6d.—(Brooke and Co., 2, Leadenhall Market.)

BISHOP COLENZO'S DOGS.

We copy, with much pleasure, the following interesting communication on "The Reason of Dogs," from the *Spectator* of the 13th inst.:—

Sir,—Having often read with great pleasure the anecdotes about dogs which from time to time appear in the *Spectator*, I venture to send you one which has come under my own observation, and which, it seems to me, shows an effort of reasoning implying two distinct ideas—one the consequence of the other—more interesting than many of those clever performances of educated dogs which may or may not be merely mechanical actions.

The dog who performed the following trick was then a great, half-grown, awkward puppy, whose education up to that time had been much neglected. It has been better attended to since; and now, although sportsmen probably consider such an animal sadly thrown away upon a lady, he is a very pleasant friend and companion. My two dogs, Guy and Denis, form as capital a pair, for contrast's sake, as one need wish to see. They are both handsome dogs of their kind—Guy, a fine black retriever, with no white hair upon him, and, I believe, in the eyes of sportsmen, as well as those of his mistress, a very desirable possession, good-tempered, clever, and affectionate; Denis, as naughty and spoilt a little fellow as ever existed, and a great pet, also black, except for his yellow paws and chest, but covered with long, loose locks, instead of Guy's small, crisp curls.

Denis is exceedingly comic, and a constant source of amusement. He is very faithful to his mistress, whose bedside during illness he has refused to leave, even for food; but it must be confessed that he is not amiably disposed towards most people, and is a perfect tyrant over the other animals. Some account of the two dogs' character is necessary, to explain the little scene which took place between them one evening about a year ago. Guy, it must be premised, is at least twelve months younger than Denis; consequently, when the former first arrived—a miserable and very ugly little puppy, a few weeks old, more like a small black jug than any known animal of the canine species, having had the mange and lost all his hair—Denis undertook his education, and ruled him so severely that his influence lasted a long while; indeed, even after Guy had grown so big that Denis almost needed to stand upon his hind legs in order to snap at him, the great dog would crouch meekly at a growling remonstrance from the little master, and never dared to invade his rights—to approach his plate of food or to drink before him. Nowadays Guy has discovered his own power, and, although too goodnatured an animal ever to ill-treat the little dog, no longer allows any liberties; but at the same time, when the scene which I am about to describe took place, he was still under the impression that Denis's wrath was a terrible and dangerous matter.

And now for my story, which, it seems to me, shows as much real reasoning power in an untrained animal as any anecdote that I ever read. One evening I took my two dogs to the kitchen, to give them the rare treat of a bone apiece. (Dogs were certainly never intended to make Natal their home, for, in order to keep them alive at all, they should never be given anything that they like, especially meat, and even then the most careful management often fails in preserving them from disease and death.) One of my sisters was with me, and together we watched the dogs over their supper. Guy, with his great mouth, and ravenous, growing appetite, made short work with his, every vestige of which had vanished; while little Denis was still contentedly sucking away at his small share, not very hungry, and taking his pleasures sedately, like gentleman, as he is. And then Guy began to watch the other with an envious eye, evidently casting about in his mind how he might gain possession of that bone. He was even then, though not full grown, so big and strong that he could have taken it by force with the greatest ease; but such an idea did not cross his mind—he decided to employ stratagem to win the prize.

I must mention here, that amongst other naughty practices of my dogs, is that of rushing out of the house and barking violently upon the slightest sound without. This is Denis's fault, which Guy, in spite of all my lessons, has contracted from him. With the evident intention of sending Denis out, Guy suddenly started up, and began to bark towards the door in an excited manner, but not running out himself, as he certainly would have done had he really heard anything. Down went Denis's bone, and out rushed he, barking at the top of his voice. Did Guy follow him? Oh, dear no! he had no such intention; he sneaked up to Denis's bone immediately, picked it up, and ran to the other end of the room. But when he had got it, he did not know what to do with it; there was no hiding-place for him there, and he dare neither await Denis's return openly, nor risk meeting him at the door. My sister and I were, by this time, both sitting on a bench against the wall, watching the scene between the dogs, and Guy, after running once round the room, with the bone in his mouth, came and crept in beneath my seat, where he was hidden by my dress, and where he lay, not eating the bone, and in perfect silence. Presently Master Denis trotted back, quite unconscious, and shaking the curls out of his eyes, as much as to say, "My dear fellow! what a fuss you've made; there's nothing there." He looked about for his bone for a few minutes, but soon gave up the search, and began to amuse himself with other things. After a while, I, forgetting the culprit beneath my seat, rose and crossed the room, leaving him exposed. Guy was in a great fright; he jumped up, and running to my sister, who

was still seated, he stood up with his forepaws upon her lap, and the bone still untouched in his mouth, as though begging her protection. Denis, however, did not observe him; and, after a few minutes, Guy's courage returned, and finally he ventured to lie down, with the bone between his paws, and began to gnaw it, keeping one eye fixed on Denis the while. This, however, was going a step too far. Denis was attracted by the sound, and recognised his own bone the moment that he looked round. He marched up to Guy (who immediately stopped eating) and stood before him. Denis growled, and Guy slowly removed one great paw from his prize. Denis advanced a step, with another growl; Guy removed the other paw and slunk back a little, whereupon Master Denis calmly walked up and took possession of his bone, and went off with it.

I am bound, however, to remark that, after another half-hour's contented amusement over it, he resigned the remainder (which was too hard for his small mouth) to Guy, who finished the last morsel with great satisfaction. Now that he is full grown Guy still gives up to Denis in many little ways; but it is evidently through generosity only, for he has proved himself perfectly capable of taking his own part. But he is very gentle with his little playmate, except at night, when he lies across my doorway—entirely of his own accord—and will allow no one and nothing to enter without my command.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FRANCIS E. COLENZO.
Bishopstowe, Natal, South Africa, Sept. 1.

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NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that, in consequence of Christmas Day falling on Saturday, there will NOT BE A SALE at ALBERT-GATE on MONDAY, DEC. 27.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by **Messrs. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, NOV. 27, the following HORSES, portion of the Stock of the Cob Stud Farm, Cobham, Surrey:

STALLIONS.

1. YOUNG CAMBUSCAN, by Cambuscan out of Rescue, by Life-Boat, her dam Golden Drop, by Stockwell; quiet to ride.

2. PERFECTION, by Confidence, by Fireaway, dam by Johnny Boy, granddam by The Flying Buck; quiet to ride, and winner of several prizes.

3. TAFFY (bred in Wales); quiet to ride and drive.

4. YOUNG PERFECTION, by Perfection out of Dolly.

BROOD MARES AND FOALS.

1. MISS ADA, roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, and carries a lady, with a Filly Foal (foaled April 26, 1875), by The Duke, and covered by Perfection.

2. JUNO, roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, and a fine stepper, with a Colt Foal by Perfection (foaled May 15), and covered by him again.

3. GIPSY, bay mare, quiet to ride and drive, with good action, with a Colt Foal by Perfection (foaled May 11), and covered by him again.

4. DOLLY, dark steel roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, with a Colt Foal (foaled June 23), and covered by Perfection.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by **Messrs. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, NOV. 27, the following HORSES IN TRAINING, BROOD MARES, STALLIONS, &c., the property of a gentleman:

HORSES IN TRAINING.

1. ROYAL GEORGE, chestnut horse, 5 years old, by Toxophilite, dam (foaled 1865) by Young Melbourn.

2. MANTON, 4 years old, by Brocket out of Miss Napier, by Orlando.

3. LADY OF URRARD, 3 years old, by Lord Lyon out of Mayonaise.

4. POPINJAY, bay filly, 3 years old, by Toxophilite out of Beatrice.

5. GOLDEN SAND, brown filly, 2 years old, by Young Melbourn out of Quicksand, by Touchstone.

6. APOLLINARIS, bay filly, 2 years old, by Lord Clifden out of Potash.

7. CAMPANULA, chestnut filly, 2 years old, by Toxophilite out of Blue Bell.

8. YOUNG HARRY, bay colt, by Lord Lyon out of H. M. E.

9. A. B. C., 2 years old, by Blinckhoolie out of Miss Napier (Manton's dam).

10. GANG FORWARD, 5 years old, by Stockwell out of Lady Mary.

11. PASCARAEL, 3 years old, by Blair Athol out of Alma.

STALLIONS.

12. ALEXANDER, by Atherstone out of Wombat, by West Australian.

13. STRUAN, 6 years old, by Blair Athol out of Terrine.

BROOD MARES.

14. H. M. E., by Skirmisher out of Mayonaise; covered by Musket.

15. BLUE BELL, by Thormanby out of Tightfit; covered by Pell Mell.

16. GAMESTER; has been hunted.

17. SIMON, bay gelding, 6 years old, by St. Albans out of Aunt Hannah, by Newminster.

18. GENTLE, brown gelding, 5 years old, by Rataplan out of Gentle Mary, by Longbow.

19. GREY MARL; quiet to ride, and likely to make a good hunter.

20. BAY COB; quiet to ride and drive.

21. BAY YEARLING COLT, by Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing out of Sister to General Peel.

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LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Easby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse.

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COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a buy horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s. the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Gaughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eau, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom.

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THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was a good racehorse, up to great weight; his half-bred stock in Lincolnshire are very fine; the only racehorse got by him is Amazon, a winner at two and three years old; the only yearling sold last year at Doncaster by him made 260gs; he is now in fine condition and very handsome, the type of the Arab; up to 1st. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, and 10s. the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s. the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Rupert thus combines the fast with the best staying blood; he is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper; he was a good racehorse, started six times at three years old, winning three times, the Rous Stakes and the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running in the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth in the Derby. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

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All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

We read with some surprise, and not without considerable amusement, of an edict having gone forth from the ruling powers of the University of Oxford forbidding the *alumni* of that University to assist at any race meeting, under the pains and penalties of rustication for certain breaches of this new regulation. By what means the wrath of the dons has been kindled afresh against those undergraduates interested in racing matters we are at a loss to imagine, more especially as the meeting in the Port Meadow is celebrated during the long vacation, and there is no gathering of importance in the immediate neighbourhood of the University likely to disturb the studies of ingenuous youth. Perhaps the worthy heads of houses and conscientious directors of public studies were scandalised by the recollection that Lord Rosebery, when *in statu pupillari*, had adopted the somewhat unusual course of varying his academical studies by trips to Ilsey with his friends, intent on ascertaining the progress made by Ladas during his education at Dover's seminary. Perhaps they turned a jealous eye towards the attractions of Aylesbury, and remote traditions may have reached their ears of cross-country contests against members of the sister University at aristocratic meetings in "the Vale." Perhaps they inwardly questioned the truth of those plausible tales of dying grandmothers and near relatives on the point of departure for foreign climes, which are brought forward with suspicious regularity as the feasts of Epsom and Ascot approach their celebration. Whatever may be the reason for this sudden interdiction against the enjoyment of certain holidays during term time, Young Oxford is expected henceforward to steer clear of the "canker of civilisation," so wildly denounced by that priggish disciple of Arnold the irrepressible "Tom Brown;" and we presume the proctors will make it their business to perambulate the courses of Epsom and Ascot with their bull-dogs, and unceremoniously to "run in" any unfortunate students detected in the act of taking their pleasure upon the race-course. Had such a manifesto gone forth from among the Cambridge authorities some reason for their proceedings might be found in the convenient proximity of Newmarket, and the occurrence of the most important meetings at head-quarters while the junior members of the University were in residence. Some twenty years ago, when we saw

Lord of the Isles and St. Hubert fight out the Two Thousand and witnessed our first race on the heath, the authorities insisted upon all undergraduates duly reporting themselves in "hall" on that day; and many are the furious races against time which we have witnessed in those "right merrie days" along the twelve miles of road which extended from the Cesarewitch Stand to the "Hoop" at Cambridge. Tired hacks, which had been raced against one another all day upon the Heath, were urged along the "grassy margent" of the highway, on which tandems, chaises, and all sorts of wonderfully-fashioned conveyances hurried along in most admired disorder. Now all such unwise and galling restrictions have long since been withdrawn, and the sporting Cantab takes things easily on horseback or on wheels, having spent his day pleasurable and reasonably, and without any dangers attendant upon his homeward path save the chance of a too copious libation to the goddess of fortune in the cherry brandy of mine host at Bottisham. The consequence of this wise relaxation is, that only those really interested in the sport betake themselves to Newmarket; while the rowdy division, which only cares to show its defiance of all rule and order, deems it too slow to patronise an amusement not interdicted by the dons, and seeks some other means of gaining notoriety than by displaying bad style and worse horsemanship upon the sacred domain of the Jockey Club.

We cannot imagine anything more childish or tyrannical than this ill-judged attempt on the part of the governing body of the University of Oxford to curtail the enjoyments of a very limited class among the body of undergraduates. Schoolmasters and pedagogues might, perhaps, be excused for keeping a tighter rein upon the weaker brethren committed to their charge, and no one would wish to see the Eton boys overrunning Ascot nor young Harrovians assisting at the Welsh Harp. The very suggestion of something wrong, in too many cases, becomes to the thoughtless and careless a strong incentive to further acquaintance with it, and this is more particularly the case when boyhood is just on the point of becoming developed into manhood, and when restraint is felt to be more irksome than at any other time in life. Moreover, it is idle to threaten without the means of discovering transgressors against the law, which must necessarily be the case in the Oxford community, unless, indeed, it should descend to employ detectives instead of relying upon proctorial vigilance. Discipline is a mighty fine thing in its way; but as many crimes are committed in its name as in that of "liberty, equality, and fraternity;" and the tendency of mentors and instructors of our youth certainly lies in the opposite direction of allowing too great freedom of action to the "young idea." "Bounds" at our public schools are rapidly becoming things of the past, and governing bodies are gradually yielding to the dictates of a more common-sense method of government. Oxford's boast has always been that she has been less behind the age than her contemporaries; but such paltry exhibitions of uncalled-for interference with the liberty of her sons will make paterfamilias, like Mr. Gladstone, "think once, think twice, and think thrice" before committing their young hopefuls to the care of such a good-goody clique as now professes to control undergraduate destinies.

We fully agree that, if University studies are interfered with by racing pilgrimages, tutors and deans would not be fulfilling their duty towards parents and guardians did they hesitate to put a stop to such irregularities. But so long as rules remain unbroken, and the discipline of the body of students unimpaired, it must clearly be the wisest course to give some scope for the exercise of judgment maturing towards its ultimate formation. We think that in these days, when it is more than ever desirable that experience should be gained as early in life as possible, that a young man should mix with all sorts and conditions of his fellows, and participate (for a time) in their pursuits.

There will, unfortunately, always exist amongst us a class of men who look upon the turf with the same innate horror as an old maid looks upon a beetle or a toad. They do not understand it, and are therefore content to revile it. This tendency must always exist in the minds of those who form the majority of University governing bodies. From their youth upwards they have enjoyed the quiet retirement of academic life, and form their ideas on sport in general, and on racing in particular, from magisterial utterances upon the subject of tillrobberies by betting apprentices, or from the novelist who is content to draw his black-sheep characters from their pasture on the turf. For the credit of Oxford we trust this absurd edict may speedily be revoked, as tending to degrade her students, and to bring derision upon the *patres conscripti* of her senate. We have no desire to see vain and weak young gentlemen with strings of thoroughbreds in training, nor taking silk between the flags instead of in the schools, nor going the racing circuit with the regularity of a bookmaker. But we desire that a healthy freedom of thought and action should prevail, and that no hard and fast rule should be laid down against the rational indulgence of a taste, which is likely to be rendered stronger still by repressive measures.

THE KING OF DENMARK has presented Mr. John Shaw, the general manager of the South-Eastern Company, with a magnificently-mounted diamond ring.

CROYDON GREAT METROPOLITAN STEEPELCHASE.—The acceptances for this race, to be run on Tuesday next, the 30th inst., closed on Thursday last.

PRINCE PLON-PLON AND HIS HORSES.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just given judgment in the suit brought by M. Dardel, a forage-dealer, against Prince Napoleon for 7084f. due for oats, hay, &c., supplied for the horses of His Highness during the siege of Paris. The decision of the Court was that, seeing that the goods were sent to Hubert, head of the Prince's stables, and that regular receipts were given, and the prices charged were not excessive, the offer of 1100f. as a settlement of all claims was insufficient; and in consequence the defendant was condemned to pay the whole sum claimed and the costs.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XLII.—KING TOM.

KING Tom is the oldest stallion at present in active service at the stud. He is the veritable patriarch of thoroughbreds; and, although his years do not yet approach those of Touchstone and certain other of what, by an almost Hibernian perversion of terms, may be termed equine centenarians, he is still full of life and vigour, and bids fair to "come up smiling" to his labours of love for half a dozen seasons yet to come. The two mighty chestnuts which Pocahontas bore to the "slim, neat, and savage" son of Birdcatcher have long since joined the majority in the happy pastures, leaving their half-brother King Tom the Nestor of British sires, and the sole representative of the stout but coarse Harkaway blood. His relative, Idle Boy, indeed, begat horses of such calibre as Idler and Ceylon; while through his son Pretty Boy we arrive at the name of Barillon, at present serving mares in England, after a fairly successful turf career in France. It is strange that Pocahontas should have "nicked" best with the pair of Irish cracks, Birdcatcher and Harkaway, the latter of which we have heard described as a great "leathering" horse, with an immense turn of speed, and a most determined puller. Goodwood Cup annuals, however, tell us plainly enough that he could stay as well as he could sprint; and we must regard his blood as essentially worthy of perpetuation. Fortunately, we have ample supplies on which to draw, as will appear in the course of our narrative; and we must admit the service rendered to breeders by the late Baron Rothschild, who was content to wait patiently for King Tom's "day" to arrive, and forbore to cast his old favourite on one side when in more than one-quarter he was written down a failure at the stud, and at one-time began to appear as if he were doomed to the "cold shade of opposition" for ever.

King Tom was bred by Mr. Thellusson in 1851 (the first Exhibition year), and got by Harkaway out of the renowned Pocahontas, by Glencoe out of Marpessa, by Muley. In the seventh volume of the "Stud-Book" he is described as a *brown colt*; but this is evidently a mistake, unless he has totally changed colour since his training days. Stockwell, in 1849, and Rataplan, in 1850, had been King Tom's predecessors from Pocahontas, whose foal-list we reproduce for the benefit of our readers:

- 1843. B c *Cambaules*, by Camel.
- 1844. Barren.
- 1845. B c by Muley Moloch or Camel.
- 1846. *Dolly Varden*, by Muley Moloch.
- 1847. Missed to Muley Moloch.
- 1848. *Indiana*, by ditto.
- 1849. *Stockwell*, by The Baron.
- 1850. *Rataplan*, by ditto.
- 1851. *King Tom*, by Harkaway.
- 1852. *Strood*, by Chatham.
- 1853. Missed to St. Lawrence.
- 1854. *Ayacanora*, by Irish Birdcatcher.
- 1855. *Knight of Kars*, by Nutwith.
- 1856. B f by ditto.
- 1857. Missed to Melbourne.
- 1858. *Knight of St. Patrick*, by Knight of St. George.
- 1859. Missed to ditto.
- 1860. *Automaton*, by Ambrose.
- 1861. *Auricula*, by ditto.
- 1862. *Auraucaia*, by ditto.

"King Tom, or 'Tom,' as he was generally styled in the stable," says the Druid, "was first trained by Wyatt, at Myrtle-green, near Findon. During the Doncaster Meeting of 1853, when he had been beaten at Goodwood and had won at Brighton, Baron Rothschild finally agreed, after some highly involved negotiations, to give Mr. Thellusson £2000 for him. William King brought him up to London, and so on to Gorhambury, where he gave the two-year-old Twinkle a stone with all ease in his trial, and on the next Wednesday won the Triennial at Newmarket. He was a good-tempered, light-fleshed horse, and with fine speed, and ready for any distance that was set him. Before the Derby he was tried at 8st 9lb. with Orcates 9st 1lb., Hungerford 8st 2lb., and Middlesex 7st 2lb. The last named just beat him by half a neck, and the others were nowhere." We learn, too, but not from the same source, that, whether in the stable or on the training-ground, King Tom was at all times one of the most docile and easily-manageable horses, and most of his stock inherit that "even temperament" which tells so much in horses' favour during a long and severe preparation. King Tom's first introduction into public life took place at Goodwood, where, in a now obsolete race, entitled the Great North and South of England Biennial Stakes, he came out at Adine's "Stakes day." He was then big and backward in condition and his price (10 to 1) a very outside one; but William Day, in the Thellusson red and green, took a very fair measure of Marsyas and Scythian, being close up with the two sons of Orlando at the finish and far in advance of the ruck, which comprised Naomi, Dr. O'Toole, and other almost forgotten names. "Tom," however, speedily improved upon this form, having odds of 2 to 1 laid on him for the Second Brighton Biennial, which he won in a canter from Student and Bracken, the rest being widely scattered. By the next First October Meeting at headquarters he had changed hands, and in the Sixth Triennial Produce Stakes, over the T.Y.C., he carried the "lucky Charlton," in the blue and yellow of Baron Rothschild, to victory, beating Champagne (who had won his namesake stakes at Doncaster), Miranda, Alembic, and others of lesser note. The last-named Clifden crack was made favourite, but King Tom romped away from them all in the hollowest fashion, and at once took a high place in the quotations for the Derby of 1854. All went well with him during the winter, and he held his position with great firmness, especially after the fall of Autocrat; but a few days before the great race he met with some injury to his hock, and his trainer could not go on with him, to the great mortification of the Baron and the many followers of the stable. Dervish was the phantom favourite of that year, and John Scott and Lord Derby vowed he could not be beaten; but Danebury was terribly in earnest with Andover, who had beaten Hermit (the Two Thousand Guineas winner) handsomely enough to inspire John and Alfred Day with the greatest confidence. King Tom reigned third favourite, at 8 to 1, and, although he was manifestly short of work, managed to make a respectable fight with "Gully's horse," splitting the Danebury pair, and beating such horses as Knight of St. George, Neville, Hospodar, Marsyas, and Alembic. Owing to the effects of his accident "Tom" declined all outstanding engagements in that year; but, with rest, he partially recovered, and was sent to Newmarket for his First October engagement in September, '55, where, in the hands of Charlton, he came off victorious in the Triennial Produce, over the Ditch In course, beating Boer, Alembic, and half a dozen others by six lengths. Seeing him once more apparently sound and in his old form, his party backed him handsomely for the Cesarewitch, for which his weight was 8st 12lb.; but his leg unfortunately gave way early in the race, and Charlton had for once to bring his old favourite home among the ruck. No attempt was made to patch him up, and next season we find him advertised to stand at Mentmore with Leopold at a 30gs fee, twenty mares being allotted.

to him in his first season. In 1857 his fee was lowered to a "pony," and continued at that rate until 1860, when King of Diamonds and Mainstone had made his name well known in the breeding world, and he once more stood at 30gs. Thenceforward honours fell thick and fast around him, and his two-year-old winners placed him well on the list of winning sires every year, though at first it was found that the young King Toms did not train on so well as might have been desired. In 1862 he was "full" before the season commenced, was raised to 40gs the next season, and became so popular that his owner did not care to advertise him again, his "list" being filled up months before the opening of the campaign each spring. Baron Rothschild stood right royally by the mighty Harkaway bay; and, although the crowning reward of his allegiance was long delayed, it was all the sweeter when fully realised; and, in the meantime, the Lord of Mentmore might well assure his friends that "my racing costs me nothing."

We subjoin a complete list of his yearly number of foals and winners from 1857 to the present time:

Year.	Foals.	Winners.	Year.	Foals.	Winners.
1857	15	—	1867	20	19
1858	23	—	1868	17	19
1859	31	2	1869	20	16
1860	24	5	1870	9	13
1861	32	14	1871	13	11
1862	22	15	1872	19	9
1863	27	20	1873	16	12
1864	17	28	1874	13	6
1865	21	26	1875	—	—
1866	15	25			

It is worthy of record, as bearing upon the subject of over-doing popular stallions upon their first entry into public life, that King Tom has always been judiciously restricted in his labours of love, and to this system may be ascribed in no small degree the health and vigour which the veteran still continues to enjoy. During his career at the stud he has been strictly limited to forty mares a year; but even this number has rarely been reached, as will appear from his annual census of foals, the greatest number of which does not exceed thirty-two, and it should be remembered that King Tom was always an excellent foal getter. It was not, however, until comparatively late in life that he came to enjoy such popularity as other cracks among his contemporaries, when his owner deemed it prudent to limit instead of to extend his field of operations. Like many other fathers of the stud, he begot his best representatives during the autumn of his days, and he seemed to impart stoutness to his progeny as years rolled on. His two-year-olds were almost invariably brilliant performers when they showed any racing capabilities, as was generally the case; but in too many cases they failed to train on from two years to three, and to lay against a King Tom for the Derby was once considered as good a thing as to be full against Lord Glasgow's lot. Owners, therefore, following the Baron's example, made their game while the "bloom was on the rye," and though it was objected by many that such big overgrown creatures should be put into work so early, it was found to be the soundest policy to run them out for their engagements as youngsters, for those few who tried the experiment of keeping them in lavender for their three-year-old engagements did not "take much by their motion." Being most of them large loosely-made horses as two-year-olds, they were naturally rather delicate and uncertain, and gave Hayhoe a world of trouble to keep them wound up during the season; hence the in-and-out running and inconsistent performances of so many of the tribe, characteristics which caused many ill-natured remarks to be bandied about as to the policy of a stable, the intentions of which were never otherwise than straightforward or honourable. Many a time has "The Baron" come to the rescue of the fielders, who would cheer him to the echo, as he followed some Hippia, Dalesman, or Mahonia back to scale, with a smile on his face of thorough enjoyment at the discomfiture of the cracks.

The various illustrious descendants of King Tom it would take more space than we can command to enumerate; but, in addition to Kingcraft, winner of the Derby; Hannah, the One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger heroine of 1871; Hippia and Tormentor, both winners of the ladies' race at Epsom, he has begotten the speedy King of Diamonds, Mainstone (among his very first batch of foals), Queen of the Vale, the unfortunate Old Calabar, Wingrave, Gorse, Tom Fool, Breeze, Evelina, Tomato, Linda, King George (these last five all the produce of one year), Hippolyta, King Hal, King Alfred (second for the Derby), Restitution (a Goodwood Cup winner), Corisande, King Cole, Laburnum, King Lud, and Marsworth. Such performers as those above enumerated are of sufficient merit to stamp any sire as one of especial mark; and though he cannot, perhaps, claim to have attained such superlative honours as his half-brother, Stockwell, yet it must be remembered that he had not half the chances of the "Emperor of stallions," but recommended himself by sheer merit to public notice. His owner's well-bred collection of mares of course gave him a lift in life; but his luck with that magnificent coterie of Melbourne matrons was, after all, but indifferent, as compared with foreign alliances. His blood seems to have suited a variety of strains; and, unlike Stockwell, he had no everlastingly successful Touchstone string on which to harp. He was essentially, as the "Druid" says somewhere of one of the sires of a bygone day, a "filly getter," as a glance at the above list of celebrities will show; and, though Hannah came from a Melbourne source, Hippia from a Sultan mare, Tormentor from Torment, by Alarm, and Tomato traced back to Sweetmeat, King Tom's two best colts, Kingcraft and King Lud, were both out of Voltigeur mares. Other successful "nicks" were with daughters of Defence, The Cure, Bay Middleton, Kingston, Newminster, Pantaloona, Orlando, Picaroon (by Voltaire), and Slane. Thus King Tom may be said to have satisfied all suitors alike; while his mares, which must now number nearly four-score in Messrs. Weatherby's roll-call, have been equally catholic in their favours, as to Lord Clifden Creslow has thrown Winslow, Zephyr has rewarded the attentions of Parmesan with the magnificent Favonius, Lady Sophie's Scamp owns The Rake for a sire, Regina is dam of Kaiser by Skirmisher, and Reginella of Guy Dayrell; while many others of the same kidney have distinguished themselves, as the acrobats say, "on lower ropes." The young King Toms have mostly been bays or chestnuts, and his fillies more "mouldy," compact, and muscular than his colts. Latterly, however, he seems to have altered in this respect, and Kingcraft, King Lud, and Laburnum cannot be reckoned among the loose-made, angular giants of the days when King Alfred and Restitution were among the "incapables" as two-year-olds. Like these "big 'uns," however, the babies which have tided well over the winter of discontent that sees the youngster develop into the Derby candidate, furnish into horses of a magnificent type, and seem to wear on eternally, like King of Diamonds and Wingrave. That "there is life in the old dog yet," the vigorous manner in which he discharged his duties last spring bears ample witness; and when we paid him a visit at Mentmore in the autumn, he looked gay and robust enough to rival the years of Touchstone. And he has something out of the common to show this year in good winners, like Coltness, King Death, and Skylark; while we shall be very much sur-

prised if All Heart does not assume a leading part in the Derby quotations, so soon as books on that distant event begin to assume a more definite shape. Four such animals out of his sixteen foals of 1873 are sufficient to keep his name prominently before the public, although the motto "Non curvis" might not inappropriately be inscribed over his box door in the snug yard at Crafton.

Fortunately King Tom will leave behind him a line of representatives amply sufficient, both in numbers and in quality, to sustain the credit of the Harkaway family. Most have shown that they are made of the same good stuff as their sire; and while Master Fenton has one or two useful ones picking up small stakes about the country, Old Calabar can show Indian Ocean and Wingrave Lilian, both of the "everlasting" type and well-known and approved good stayers. Mogador already boasts a Grand National winner in Pathfinder, besides sundry smaller fry; and nearly everything begotten by Warrior and Restitution has turned out a winner. To the former we look as one of the mainstays of the King Tom dynasty, and while there are plenty of believers in the powers of the elegantly-turned but uncertain Kingcraft as a sire, King o' Scots may be said to have already made his mark with some useful-looking youngsters. The Baron (out of the dam of The Earl) was very highly thought of by the late Sir George Cholmeley, and, though we have to regret that Dalesman's untimely death has deprived the racing world of the chance of seeing a second Lowlander, we find his relative, Tomahawk, reckoning a good many "scalps" with Lucy Hawk and other "bread winners." Lastly, King Lud has recently retired from the turf with its highest honours thick upon him, and commences stud life at Moorlands next season, whither some of the choicest blood in Yorkshire is likely to find its way; and if Lord Zetland was unable to adopt a worthy male descendant of Voltigeur, it will be some consolation at Aske to have secured something with the blood of the old horse in his veins. There are other celebrities "looming in the distance" who have not as yet finished their course upon the turf, so that King Tom's succession may be said to be secure from more than one source of tributary streams of blood.

It would be unfair to let any present description of King Tom claim to represent him as he was in the prime of life, and before a quarter of century had left its mark upon the frame of the Mentmore patriarch. Always rather a remarkable animal, and one which the merest superficial observer of horseflesh could not fail to recognise again, his "beauties and defects" have both, to a certain degree, been exaggerated by lapse of time. His head is large, plain, and deficient in quality, with a curious blaze, but its expression is so thoroughly generous and good humoured that we forget its less pleasing attributes of coarseness. His neck, of course, cannot boast of its splendid crest of ten summers since; but it rises gracefully arched from superbly laid shoulders, fairly long, and indicative of ample liberty before. His withers are high, back short, and not so hollow as might be expected at his time of life, and he has plenty of propelling power, though perhaps he is a trifle long from the point of the hock downwards, and his hind legs consequently "stand away from him" a little. He has plenty of bone, and enough of muscle remaining to show how grandly he was furnished in days gone by. Taking him altogether, he is a plainish horse, but with a deal of character, rather "on leg," and not so elegantly turned as many of his contemporaries. Perhaps Restitution, among his sons, resembles him the most, but all are fine commanding animals; while his daughters appear to be cast in moulds altogether more compact and less angular. As a proof of King Tom's generous temperament, we may mention that his blacksmith enters his box alone and shoes him with no more trouble or ceremony than any cart-horse about the place; while he is never so happy as when Markham pays his daily visit, coming from his "inner chamber" with a cheery neigh, and standing to have his withers rubbed with all the sedateness of a grand seigneur enjoying his siesta.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S SALE.

We quote the best prices realised by Messrs. Tattersall at Albert-gate, on Monday last, for the blood stock of Major Warburton, &c.:

THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR WARBURTON.		Gs.	
Mohawk, brown yearling colt, by Blenheim out of Raffe, by Alarm	Mr. Case-Walker	130	
Agate, by Soapstone out of Adeline, by Ion, 2 yrs.....	Mr. Wheeler	100	
St. Agnes, by St. Albans out of Sister to General Peel, by Y. Melbourne, 2 yrs	Mr. Wheeler	530	
Hesper, by Speculum out of Hesperithusa (h-b), 2 yrs	Mr. R. Porter	1000	
Florimel, by Dundee out of Beeswing, by Knight of Kars, 4 yrs	Mr. Ansley	430	
Belle (late Oxford Mixture), by Oxford out of Irish Belle, by Kingston, 5 yrs.....	Mr. A. King	50	
FROM THE COB STUD FARM, COHAM.			
Perfection, by Confidence (by Fireaway), dam by Johnny Boy, grandam by The Flying Buck.....	Mr. Paul	105	
Young Cambuscan, by Cambuscan out of Rescue by Lifeboat	Mr. Heath	25	
Miss Ada, with a filly foal by The Duke and covered by Perfection	Mr. Webb	46	
Dolly, with a colt foal and covered by Perfection	Mr. Beadman	52	
THE DUKE OF MONTRÉO'S PONIES.			
Gs.		Gs.	
Nelly..... Mr. Fife	110	Baker..... Mr. Whitmore	30
Tommy..... Captain Herbert	47	Bunny..... Mr. Healy	35
Sammy..... Mr. Dunning	29		

EARL DE GREY, M.P., left Carlton-gardens, on Monday, for Studley Royal, where the Marquis of Ripon is entertaining a shooting-party.

THE COMMITTEE OF TATTERSALL'S SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM will meet next Monday, at 2.30 p.m., for the purpose of settling matters in dispute.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN.—We have to announce the death, at the ripe age of seventy-one, of Colonel John Fane, of Wormsley, Oxon, and formerly M.P. for that county, which took place in London last week.

LORD LONDSEBOROUGH AND PARTY, consisting of the Marquis of Bowmont, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir Charles Legard, Major Egerton, and Captain Denison, had some capital sport on his Lordship's Yorkshire estates last week, when the following game was killed:—Nov. 16 (Selby, Stainer Wood), 511 pheasants, 50 partridges, 189 hares, 261 rabbits, 5 woodcocks, and 2 various: total, 1048. Nov. 17 (Scoreby), 1033 pheasants, 118 hares, 200 rabbits, 4 woodcocks, and 9 various: total, 1364. Nov. 18 (Londesborough Pond Wood, &c.), 530 pheasants, 370 hares, 266 rabbits, 3 woodcocks, and 6 various: total, 1175. Nov. 19 (Selby, Brayton, Barf, &c.), 88 pheasants, 162 partridges, 398 hares, 72 rabbits, and 3 woodcocks: total, 723. Aggregate of four days, 2172 pheasants, 199 partridges, 1062 hares, 791 rabbits, 15 woodcocks, and 17 various. Grand total, 4320.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailed everywhere.—[Advt.]

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from I. S. T., W. G., H. R. Denne, Peter The Casual, and Hermit.

A. JOHNSON, W. C. BOWYER.—We will endeavour to report on your problems next week.

A. G. P.—We cannot make out your problem. There is no White Queen on the board, and yet your first move is 1. Q to K 5.

W. S. SMITH.—The adhesive pieces have, unfortunately, become detached in the post.

T. HAZEON.—You will see that we have availed ourselves of your problem.

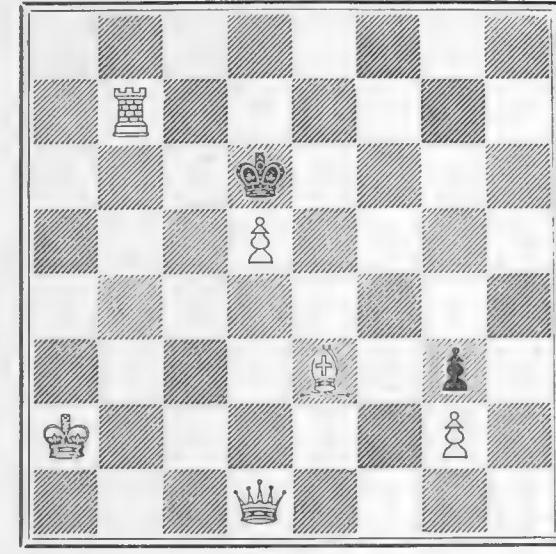
T. HAZEON.—Accept our best thanks for the problems. We had discovered the error you point out.

H. R. DENNE.—The solution is correct.

PROBLEM NO. 76.

By Mr. T. Hazeon.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ZUKERTORT AND POTTER.

The following is one of the Games in the match now pending between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

[IRREGULAR OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	20. P to Q Kt 4 ^(a)	Kt to Kt 2
2. P to Kt 3 (a)	Kt to K B 3	21. R to Q Kt sq	R to B 7
3. B to Kt 2	P to K 3	22. K to B 3	Kt to Q 3
4. P to Q B 3	P to Q Kt 3	23. R to Q sq	Kt to K B 4
5. P to K B 3 (b)	B to Kt 2	24. P to K Kt 4	Kt takes K P ^(f)
6. Kt to K R 3	P to K B 4	25. R takes Kt	B takes P
7. Kt to B 2	Kt to Q B 3	26. R to K 2	B takes Q R
8. B to K Kt 5	B to K 2 (c)	27. Q takes B	Q R to B 6 (ch)
9. P to K 3	Castles	28. R to K 3	P to Q 5
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	29. R takes R	R takes R (ch)
11. P to K B 4	P takes P	30. K to Kt 2	Q to B 3 (ch)
12. B P takes P	R to Q B sq	31. Q Kt to K 4	P to K B 4
13. P to Q R 3	B to R 3	32. P takes P	P takes P
14. Kt to Q 2 ^(d)	Kt to R 4	33. Q to R 2 (ch)	R to B 5
15. B to K B sq	B takes B	34. K to Kt 3	P takes Kt
16. K takes B	Q to Q 2	35. Kt takes P	K to B sq
17. K to Kt 2	R to Q B 2	36. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3
18. R to K sq	K R to B sq	37. Kt to B 3	R to Q B 6,
19. K to Kt 2	Q to Kt 4		and White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A good reply when Black plays for his first move 1. P to K B 4, but not to be commanded in the present circumstances.

(b) This is played in a poor, pottering style, which is very unlikely to answer against a player of Mr. Zukertort's readiness and accuracy.

(c) Even thus

MADAME EDITH WYNNE.

LEMENS-SHERRINGTON goes trippingly enough off the tongue; but, in the name of euphony, let us not be called upon to style one of our sweetest songstresses Madame Agabeg-Wynne simply because she changed her name at the Savoy Chapel on Tuesday week. One always associates melody and harmony with Edith Wynne, the prima donna of Wales, the dulcet singer who, once a student at the Royal Academy of Music, is generally recognised as one of our most accomplished native vocalists. The pure soprano voice of Edith Wynne, sweet and bell-like, was heard quite recently at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts; and we have every hope that the popular singer, whose portrait we print, will continue to delight us with the songs and ballads of old, albeit she has become Madame Agabeg-Wynne.

Mr. Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple, is the gentleman who had the good fortune to lead Edith Wynne to the altar on the 16th inst. The Savoy Chapel Royal was crowded. Among the friends present were Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Kingsbury, and other members of the musical profession. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ida and Josephine Wynne (two sisters of the bride), Miss Bessie Waugh, Miss Clinton-Fynes, and Miss Patey. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. J. B. L'Anson, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Wynne. The service was read by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Robert Jones, who, as an old friend of the bride, preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of her virtues and the dutiful affection she had shown to her parents in their declining years. Mr. Henry Frost, the organist, commenced the service with Handel's occasional overture, after which was played Wély's march in E flat. As the bride entered the church the procession music from *Lohengrin* was played, and on the departure after the ceremony Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The hymns, sung by the full choir of the chapel and the congregation in unison, were Keble's "The voice that breathed," the Rev. Dr. Monsell's "To Thee, O loving Saviour" (adapted to the chorus and march of priests in Rossini's *Mose in Egitto*), and Christina Rossetti's "God the Father, we adore." As the bride and bridegroom passed down the centre aisle, after the ceremony, they were warmly congratulated by their many friends.

HANDEL'S "ESTHER."

The history of this remarkable work is succinctly recapitulated in the valuable commentary from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the Alexandra Palace programme. Handel, during his residence in Italy (1706—1709), had not only studied the kind of music which was then accepted as oratorio, but had also composed two specimens of this class of music. He appears to have meditated on the scope afforded by the oratorio form of music for the display of those dramatic emotions and grand choral and instrumental combinations which had previously been supposed to belong exclusively to opera; but it was not until 1720 that his meditations bore fruit. Being at that time director of the music at Cannons, the seat of the famous Duke of Chandos, with an organ and orchestra at his command, he wrote *Esther* to please his noble patron, who rewarded him with a gift of £1000. The oratorio was produced at Cannons, Aug. 29, 1720, and there is no record of any subsequent performance until Feb. 23, 1732, when it was performed by the boys of the Chapel Royal, and some amateurs, with scenery, dresses, and dramatic action. There is nothing in the story itself which need preclude it from public dramatic representation; but such a course was repugnant to the ideas of Handel, who had recently shown in a number of Italian operas that he fully



MISS EDITH WYNNE.

understood the requirements of the lyric stage, to which the choral fugues and grand finale of *Esther* were unsuitable. The Chapel Royal performance was nevertheless a great success, and one of those ingenious *exploiteurs* of other people's brains, who were abundant in Handel's day—of course not in ours—issued an announcement in the *Daily Journal* of April 17, 1732, to the following effect:

Never performed in public. At the great rooms of Villars-street, York-buildings, on Thursday, the 20th of this instant April, will be performed by the best vocal and instrumental music, *Esther*, an oratorio, or sacred drama, as it was originally composed for the most noble James, Duke of Chandos, by George Frederic Handel. Each ticket five shillings.

Directly this advertisement appeared Handel made preparations for a public performance of his oratorio, and the *Daily Journal* of April 19, 1732—the day before the Villars-street performance—contained the following advertisement:

By His Majesty's Command.—At the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on Thursday, the 2nd of May, will be performed the sacred story of *Esther*, an oratorio in English, formerly composed by Mr. Handel, and now revised by him, with several additions, and to be performed by a great number of voices and instruments. N.B. There will be no acting on the stage, but the house will be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience. The music to be disposed after the manner of the Coronation Service. Tickets to be delivered at the same price.

"Acting on the stage" had long been customary in the Italian performances of oratorios, which preserved in this respect the characteristics of the miracle plays, from which

they obviously derived their origin. Handel could easily have brought out *Esther* on the stage of the King's Theatre; but, with the fine instinct of genius, he saw the resources of oratorio apart from scenic representation, and established a precedent which has ever since been implicitly followed. Operas on sacred stories have been performed on the stage since then, amongst them Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*; but they have been treated, musically, according to operatic precedents, and have presented little in common with oratorio. *Esther* was repeated in England and Ireland in subsequent years, the last performance being given in 1757. After a slumber of nearly 120 years it has again been heard, and has been received with so hearty a welcome that it is not likely it will soon return to mute oblivion. The music will preserve it, in spite of the unpoetical libretto furnished by Samuel Humphreys. The incidents of the biblical story are closely followed, and the personages employed are—

Esther (Queen of Persia), Israelitish Woman, a Young Israelite, Ahasuerus (King of Persia), Habdonah (an attendant), Officer, Mordecai (a Jew), First and Second Israelites, Haman (chief favourite of the King); chorus of Persians, Israelites, attendants, &c.

The oratorio is divided into three parts, containing several separate scenes.

Part 1.—The first scene is taken up by Haman and the Persians, who proclaim war against the Israelites, and defy their God. Scene the second shows the confidence and joy of the Israelites at the elevation of Esther to the throne, interrupted by a report that Haman has procured a decree of extermination from Ahasuerus. The act closes amid lamentation and fond reminiscences of the faraway home of the devoted people.

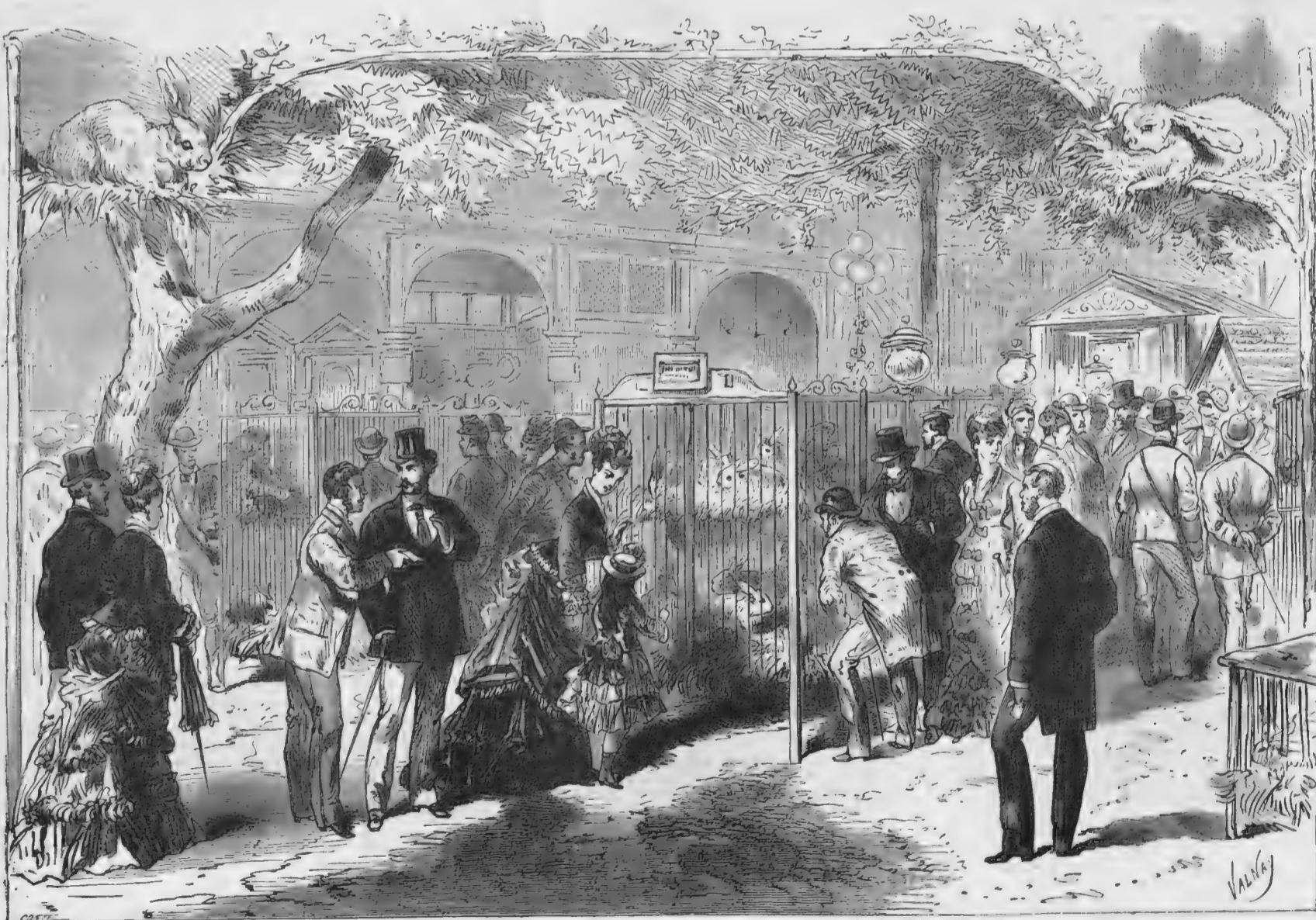
Part 2.—The action opens among the Israelites, and Mordecai acquaints Esther with the danger of her race. She resolves to intercede, and the next scene is laid in the Palace, where Esther ventures into the King's presence. Her request is granted, and Ahasuerus lovingly accepts her invitation to a banquet. The part closes amid the joyous confidence of the Israelites in a happy result.

Part 3.—The final act begins with the call of the Israelites upon their avenging God, after which a change is made to the Queen's apartments, and to the scene of the banquet. Esther not only intercedes again for her people, but proclaims the treachery of Haman. Ahasuerus vows the death of his wily minister, and Haman pleads with Esther for mercy, but without avail. Ahasuerus orders the guards to bear him away, and the drama ends with a glorious song of thanksgiving from the now exultant Israelites.

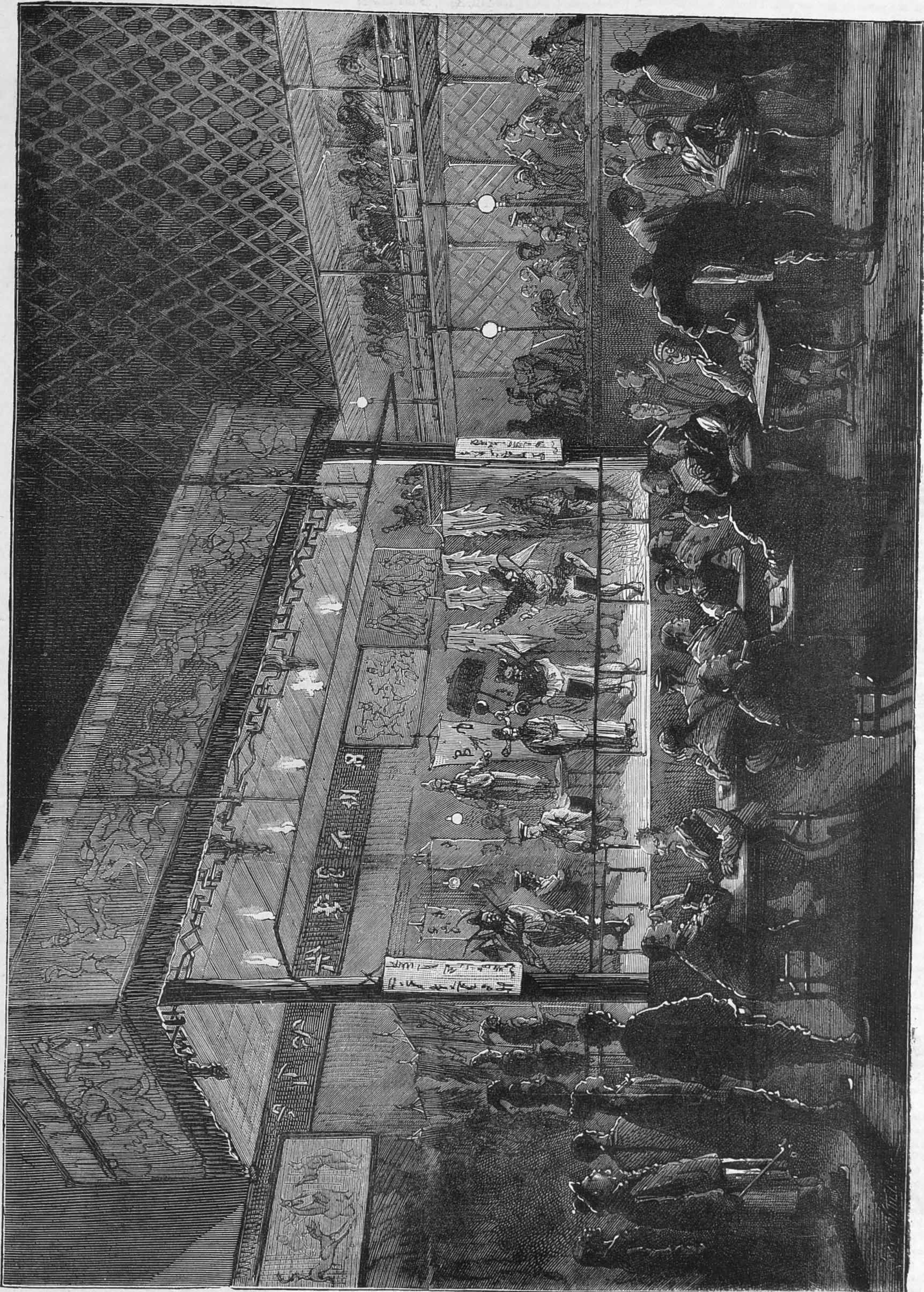
[An exhaustive review of the recent performance of the oratorio at the Alexandra Palace appeared in our impression of Nov. 13.]

A VIENNA RABBIT SHOW.

The dearness of beef and mutton is a sore subject with the Austrian as well as the English paterfamilias. In Vienna they are not content to pay and grumble at the exorbitant charges of butchers. The Viennese are keenly on the lookout for fresh food and pastures new. This was the *raison d'être* of the recent remarkable show of rabbits in Vienna, whereof a sketch is given on the present page. The object of the show committee was, by encouraging the breeding of rabbits, to provide the Viennese public with a palatable and inexpensive viand. To this end more than a thousand rabbits were exhibited at the show on the Prater, and a French cook displayed his skill in the preparation of rabbit for the dinner-table in every imaginable variety of form, but always at a moderate cost. It may not be amiss to add that whilst Vienna is thus striving to solve the problem of how best to supply the Austrian public with cheap viands, a native of Vienna, Mr. Henry Bolleter, now resident in London, has patented one of the most promising processes for preserving meat and keeping it fresh, and hopes to be able to furnish the English market with some of the surplus cattle of the American prairies at an exceedingly low rate.



A RABBIT SHOW IN VIENNA.



A CHINESE THEATRE IN CANTON.

MERRY DOCTOR BRIGHTON.

Brighton, Monday Evening.

If I had written a fortnight ago I should have been inclined to say "Sulky Doctor Brighton;" or probably it might have been "Tearful Doctor Brighton;" and if I commenced this paper on Sunday week I should, without doubt, have headed it "Savage Doctor Brighton." It must be nearly twenty years since Thackeray gave the maritime suburb of London the happy appellation which serves as the title to my paper. It was, if I mistake not, in "The Newcomes" that he said, "One of the best physicians the world has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton." On the Sunday I refer to, however, he was neither kind, cheerful, nor merry; he was rough, morose, and violent. I have known Brighton ever since I was so high. I have never seen it in such a state as it was last Sunday. The sea was all over the parish, so to speak; the beach showed an inclination to shoot itself into dining-room windows; tiles, slates, and chimney-pots were flying about; walls were blown down; part of the West Pier was carried away, and a great portion of the railings of the Chain Pier ripped off; boats were hauled up on the esplanade, bathing-machines blocked up the footway, and we very nearly had a special wreck turned on opposite the Bedford for the amusement of people after they came out of church. Above all, the wind was really so high and the waves so utterly impracticable that even that most sanguine of all mariners, the Brighton boatman, never thought of asserting it was "a nice day for a row," nor dreamed of suggesting it was "a fine day for a sail." In short, the whole place was so turned upside down, so worried about, so put out of its usual course, that one almost began to fear that it would never return to its old cheerful and merry aspect. The place, however, is all right again now. This morning the sunshine was brilliant, the sky cloudless, and the air balmy, and the amiable Doctor seems to have returned to his pristine condition. The weather has been so uncertain lately that one almost felt inclined to fancy it had its effect in thinning the number of visitors to Brighton, and that it was not so full as it usually is in the month of November. Any idea of that kind would surely be dissipated by the vast crowds seen everywhere along the cliff this morning. I think I never saw Brighton much fuller than it is at the present time.

Within the last few years the amusements provided for visitors have greatly increased. Twenty years ago there was little to do save shopping; and ladies, it is said, almost elevated that pastime to a fine art. Now we have the Aquarium and its concerts, the West Pier and its morning band, and the Rinks, with their manifold attractions. It is said the Brighton shopkeepers are beginning to complain of these things, and that they are particularly hard on what a humorous writer once called "humanity on castors." This is scarcely to be wondered at, especially when it is borne in mind that Brighton has at least four establishments where enthusiasts can practise rinkualistic evolutions to their heart's content. There is one at Cliftonville, another in the King's-road, a covered one at Mellison's Hall, in West-street, and the fourth is situated in a pretty sylvan spot at the back of the east end of the town, called Queen's Park. All these are so well attended, and often so crowded, that I am not surprised to hear there are others projected. I really do not see any reason why the girls' schools at Brighton should not have asphalt put down in the playgrounds and skating charged as an extra or an accomplishment in the bill. Though, doubtless, it would be a charming sight to see a bevy of young ladies skating "two-and-two" on the public rinks; perchance there would be eagles on wheels who might interfere with the skating dove-cote, which might possibly tend to the subversion of scholastic order and discipline. Undoubtedly, Brighton lead the way in teaching girls to swim, and there is no reason that it should not take the initiative in making them young proficients in rinkualism. It is an excellent exercise, as you may see while you watch the fresh colour, the bright eyes, and the graceful figures of the young ladies who glide by you on the rink. Certainly the wheel-skate does not improve the feminine foot, and it seems a pity that something more elegant could not be invented. You see many charming costumes on the rink—moderately brief dresses are indispensable, and trains are either elaborately looped up or banished altogether. Young girls—and among them are numbered some of our best skaters—have returned to the old-fashioned short frocks, and very independent and bonny do they look as they lightly skim, in all directions, over the smooth asphalte.

During the lovely weather we are now having Brighton is a wonderful place for pictures. Walk up the cliff any morning "from pier to pier"—that is, between Regency-square and the New Steyne—and you will be well repaid. You will possibly go out for half an hour's stroll, but you will find it will end in your getting back very late to luncheon. Look, if you please, at those damsels with otter-trimmed jackets inspecting the pictures in Messrs. Lock and Whitfield's window. Would not you like to have all their portraits? If I were Mr. Lock or Mr. Whitfield I would rush out and implore them to come and sit to me. What a good time some of these fashionable photographers must have! If one could only have a camera the size of an eye-glass to take instantaneous photographs and enlarge them when one reached home, what a charming variety of studies one could collect in the King's-road, Brighton! Do you see that fair girl just going to mount her horse at the Grand? Pray notice her charming little figure, displayed to the greatest advantage in her exquisitely-fitting dark blue habit. See her tightly coiffed mass of chestnut hair, guiltless of pad or chignon, her well-balanced tall hat, and her dainty little gauntlets. Observe the excellent taste of the whole costume, and then note how the whole effect of it is spoilt by the hideous cloth trousers that fall over the patent leather boots. This portion of the dress is at once tasteless and unfeminine, and reminds us more of Dr. Mary Walker than anything else. Why cannot some expert in costume devise something that may be at once suitable and elegant? See those three jovial

looking men in light suits and very red faces. They have just been having a swim at Hobden's, and are now going for a walk up the cliff before luncheon. Me! What a pattering, what a chattering, what a flow of musical laughter, what a flashing of eyes! There they go, the Bright Brigade! I'll be bound the Bright Brigade, in its time, has done quite as much execution as did the warriors, led by Lord Cardigan, in the famous charge at Balaclava. If I had time I would write a poem and call it the "Charge of the Bright Brigade." "Who wouldn't be a riding-master?" as John Leech said in an admirable sketch of a somewhat similar scene years ago. Would not you like to accompany these young ladies? I daresay you would; but you must not, for I want you to come with me along the cliff.

There goes a fool on a velocipede! I do not mean to say all people are fools who ride velocipedes; but certainly a man who rides a velocipede through the crowded King's-road is, to say the least of it, unwise; and the "authorities" in Brighton, whoever they may be, ought not to permit it. Some time ago I raised my voice against the gigantic advertising carts which used to frighten horses and impede traffic on the cliff. I am glad to say my expostulation has had its effect: they have disappeared; and I trust bicycles may quickly follow them. I have no objection to a bicycle in its proper place; but I venture to submit it is as much out of its proper place on the Brighton cliff in November as it would be in Rottenrow during the height of the season. There goes a well-known tailor, driving splendid cattle; here is a quack doctor swaggering along the pavement; and the other side of the way is a successful West-End usurer, in a very showy turnout. Come into Mutton's and have luncheon. There are those three pretty girls from Brunswick-terrace, in pot hats and ulsterettes. How very nice does the eldest look! I wish Mr. Du Maurier would sketch her portrait as "Ulster Queen of Charms." These three damsels have been skating, and now they are having turtle-soup and something that looks most suspiciously like cold punch. It is marvellous what an appetite rinkualism will give you. There is a bonny baby, who ought to know better, spoiling her dinner with "three-corners," and covering her sealskin jacket with flakes of pastry. I shall see her mama presently in East-street, and I'll tell her all about it. You have had quite enough luncheon, so come along! No; you don't want to go into Truefitt's and have your hair cut; it's short enough already. The lovely young lady who used to be there is gone. Ship-street (known in windy weather as Petticoat-corner on account of the struggles damsels have with their garments just at this point) is quiet enough now. There is a well-known actor showing his jovial face at the coffee-room window of the Old Ship, and there are one or two men lounging on the steps and smoking very big cigars.

After luncheon the crowd begins to thicken; the pathways are crowded and the road becomes wellnigh impassable. Do you see that young girl—she is but a child, as you may see by her long hair and short frock—driving that phaeton? With what skill and courage does she guide that spirited pair of horses! She will be a rare horsewoman and an accomplished whip by the time she is sixteen, I'll go bail. Look, too, at that charming pair of ponies, the little groom, and the perfect turn out! Do you know who that belongs to? See the private carriages of every kind, and the well-groomed riding horses of perfect breed. See the hired vehicles and horses from the well-known stables of Mr. Marks. There is no occasion to be stranded in Brighton for want of a carriage or a horse as long as this gentleman will come to your assistance. See the dear old Brighton fly and the dear old Brighton fly-horse, with its half-a-crown-an-hour shamble, the Hansom, the Dowling, and the Victoria. If you are in a hurry this afternoon I should advise you to walk; for the road is so full that at most you can only go at a slow pace. The footway—I am sorry to see they are gradually abolishing the admirable brick pathway that used to be a specialty of Brighton—is pretty well packed, and you have some difficulty in making rapid progress. Here comes a detachment of Miss Demure's pupils. "Come the little ones in frocks, with their broidered knickerbocks, and their tangled sunny locks—laughing crew! Come the dimpled darling pets, with their tresses all in nets, and their snow-white pantaloons—full in view. Come the gay and graceful girls, with their chignons and their curls, sweetest string of beauty's pearls—two and two!" as some enthusiastic versifier has somewhere sung. By-the-way, I never could make out how girls at school at Brighton find time to pursue their studies. They always seem to me to be walking on the cliff, and if they are not doing that, they are either swimming at Brills's or riding on horseback. It is particularly awkward if you get mixed up with one of these schools, as, by-the-way, it is very easy to do on a crowded part of the cliff. It may be all very good fun for the girls, they giggle and do not seem to mind it, but the governess always looks very savage, I am always afraid she is going to "tund" me with her umbrella. Just let us pop into the Aquarium and I will introduce you to Mr. Henry Lee, and he will introduce you to the seals, which are well worth seeing, and then we will go on to East-street.

East-street generally gets pretty well crammed on a fine afternoon. It abounds with very attractive shops, and constitutes a most agreeable lounge. There is a doll shop and a French sweetmeat shop that would send children wild; there are china shops, coral shops, and bric-à-brac shops. There is Beale's newspaper agency, which is crowded at the time the evening papers are due; and there is Treacher's Library, where that most polite and indefatigable of librarians is wellnigh worried out of his life by the exacting demands that ladies make for new books at this period of the year. Especially does this street fill up when the cliff gets rather chilly and people are thinking of going home. This afternoon the cliff has been unusually brilliant, for we have had a revival of that kind of weather that used to be so common at Brighton in old times. We used to have brilliant sunshine here when it was a dull drizzle or a thick fog in town. I am afraid the weather

has got out of joint altogether, for this day has been one of exceptional brilliance. Up to five o'clock carriages have been up and down the cliff, and the pathways have been crammed with pedestrians. The air has been balmy, and we have had one of those red golden sunsets which in the days of our youth were inseparably connected with November at Brighton. I have just met with a weatherwise cynic in a tarpaulin hat and a pea-jacket, and he informs me we are going to have some more bad weather. Whether his prognostication will turn out to be correct I cannot tell, but I certainly think myself fortunate in having enjoyed the company of "merry Doctor Brighton" once more in his old form. Walking home in the dusk is by no means a bad opportunity of studying one phase of this town. You see all the hotels lighted up; you see fur-coated beauties returning; you have glimpses of warm, cosy dining-rooms, with snowy cloths and glittering silver and glass; you see careful maid-servants, pompous footmen, and archidiaconal butlers getting everything in proper order. You can do this easily. Brighton is not much given to pulling down blinds, and so, if you are so minded, you may enjoy an entire panorama of dining-rooms, from Kemp Town in the East to Cliftonville in the West. If you do this I should not be surprised to hear that by the time you get home you will feel very hungry indeed: and whilst you are dressing for dinner it is not at all unlikely that you will be singing the following little ditty to yourself:

If spirits you would lighten,
Consult good Doctor Brighton;
And swallow his prescription and abide by his decree.
If nerves be weak or shaken,
Just try a week with Bacon—
His physic soon is taken
At this London-by the-Sea!

THE TINY TRAVELLER.

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE RECITER."

T. Roscius Brown, a stage-struck lad,
The recitation-mania had—
He heeded not his anxious "dad,"
Though earnest were his pleadings.
But 'midst the amateurish clique,
He strutted with astounding cheek;
And frequently would loudly shriek
At sundry "Penny Readings!"

At various little halls he'd rant
The choicest poetry extant;
He'd gasp and glare, and puff and pant,
To indicate his passion.
The Macbeth dagger-scene he'd scream,
His shouting startled ev'ry beam;
He'd give poor "Eugene Aram's dream"—
In blood-and-thunder fashion!

He would the choicest *moreaux* "spot"
Of Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Scott—
With recitations by a lot
Of other noted writers.

And, dressed in evening costume neat,
Afford folks what he deemed a "treat,"

They dubbed him in the local sheet
A "star" among reciters!

He'd roar Othello's speech, and yell
"Ye crags and peaks" from "William Tell;"
And in the "Death of Little Nell"
Was only too pathetic;

Yet, strange to say, the people laughed,
And often most unkindly "chaffed,"

And said "He really *must* be daft,"

He was so energetic.

That wicked, disbelieving batch,
Would say, "Oh, go, with all despatch,
To Hanwell, or to Colney Hatch,
And there remain for ever."

He heeded not their cruel spite,
But with his "swallow-tail" bedight,

Recited ev'ry Monday night,
And fancied he was clever.

His "pa" would groan, and madly tear
His venerable, greyish hair,

And all his fond relations were

To desperation goaded.

But, mark the end! now comes the worst:

One night, whilst in a "speech" immersed,

He over-ranted, then—he burst,

And, like a squib, exploded!

MORAL.

Oh, take a lesson, stage-struck swains,
So loud of voice, but scant of brains,
For 'tisn't often Fortune deigns

With talent to endow you;

Be warned by this my humble lay

All ye who think yourselves *au fait*,

Pause, even though your parents may

To strut and fret allow you!

HENRY C. NEWTON.

AMERICAN WINNING HORSES IN 1875.—The list of winning horses during the racing season of 1875 is headed by H. P. McGrath's Aristides, who won £3340; Tom Ochiltree ranks next, with £2200; and Mr. Belmont's Olitipa stands third on the roll with a total of £2110; Calvin is fourth, with £1830; Aaron Pennington fifth, with £1696; and Ozark sixth, with £1630; Balankeel ranks seventh, with £1560; Wild Idle comes next, with £1520; Grinstead ninth, with £1478; and Countess tenth, with £1232. The other leading winners were Diavolo, the steeplechaser, £1287; and Faithless and Parole, the two-year-olds, with £1760 and £1080 respectively.

"Do You WINK?"—A correspondent of the *Church Times* states that Margaret Chapel, Bath, has been turned into a "skating rink." It was sold some time ago by auction, and was knocked down to the lessee of the theatre, and any day there may be seen there crowds of skaters whirling away to the sound of the organ. Skating balls and concerts are held, and a short time ago there was a grand feast of lanterns.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldire's Powders. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1871—Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldire's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street.—[ADVT.]

Shooting Notes.

THE MAN-EATER'S DOOM.

It was in April, '67, that I took three months' leave for a trip into the Hills. Jock could not come; H—— was on leave at home; and, as no one else cared for a three months' gilling in the wilds, I had to go by myself or not at all.

My arrangements were easily made. Dogs, dog-boy, and body-servant were ordered to prepare; and, when rifle, gun, ammunition, and other necessities were ready, we took train for Jubulpore, where I bought a small tent, and started with four buffaloes as baggage-carriers and a twelve-hands pony for my own riding.

I made four marches along the main road, and turned off on the fifth day in the jungle. At the first village I found the inhabitants in a great state of excitement—a man had been killed the previous night by a "man-eater." The police had been summoned, and "thanks be to God! my Lord (myself) had been sent to slay the beast, the son of Satan!"

Guided by a hoary-headed old villager and followed by half the village population, I proceeded to the scene of slaughter, thence to the remains, and gave ear to the account of how it happened. The victim was a native hunter. He had gone out to poach by potting the sambur, as they came down to feed off the grain-fields. To accomplish this he had put up a wide circular screen of boughs on the ground and within a few feet of the game-path. In this he had taken post at nightfall, with his matchlock and bubble-bubble (a primitive tobacco-pipe), to wait for his victims. The ground told the rest of the tale. He had smoked, the sly old tiger watching him and his glowing pipe-bowl the while; he had slumbered, and the sly old tiger had crept up behind him, grabbed him by the nape of the neck, lifted him out of his screen from behind, and had carried him off to the neighbouring ravine—the lair. The marks of the switching tail as he watched the smoker; the semi-circumambulating foot-prints; the scarce-broken twigs at the rear of the screen; all spoke to those knowing in jungle lore as plain as uttered words. The body lay in the ravine; the upper part was intact, save where the fangs had made the first grip; the right leg, from the knee down, lay beside it, whilst the upper part (to the back) was wanting, as also was nearly the entire thigh of the left leg. The old rascal had been hungry evidently, from his liberal meal.

The police now arrived, and at my request the body was left untouched, whilst a machaun was being erected in a neighbouring tree. I expected the tiger would return for his lunch in the afternoon, or perchance for a second supper that night. A policeman and a villager took post whilst I went back to camp to breakfast. On turning to follow the crowd of villagers, who had already scuttled off in terror, I heard the cheep-cheeping of a chicken, and on scouting discovered a little cheeper but a few days old, and on desiring to catch it, I was requested not to, as it was a propitiatory offering to Satan, in order that the relatives of the dead man might escape a similar fate. Scorning the barbarity, I took away the chicken to camp. Returning at about two p.m., I was startled by more cheeping, and discovered a second chicken, and was informed that the villagers would go on putting chickens there if I removed that one.

All that afternoon and the next night I watched over the corpse, but never a tiger showed up. The next day it had to be removed for olfactory reasons, and for sepulture. For five nights I hunted that path; for five days beat all the surrounding jungles, and had trackers to search for that tiger in vain, no sign was there of the murderer. On the sixth day I struck camp, and went off up country to a favourite resort of the Chetul—Axis-deer. I had two days' fine sport, bagging five fine stags by stalking. On the third day I determined on a honk, so collected some beaters for the purpose. I posted myself on the bank of a river some forty yards wide, under a coriander-tree, whose drooping branches sheltered me from the front and rear. The beat was wellnigh over, though nothing but a few pea-fowl had passed. I was just preparing to step from my cover when a slight rattle of the shingle on the opposite side of the river attracted my attention. Imagine my surprise to see a long lank tiger limping along with a sneaking, hang-dog look. I cocked both barrels of my Holland "Express" rifle without noise, but, in pushing the muzzle through the leafy screen, touched a bough and caused an abnormal rustle. The tiger's eyes were on the spot in an instant. He saw danger, and he turned to bound forward into a dense thicket of coriander not thirty feet in front of him, but a leaden detainer struck him in his bound and tumbled him with a roar into the bushes, where he writhed and roared till I could get a sight of him, when I perceived I had broken his back. Upon this, I walked up to within a couple yards of him, who roared and pawed at me, and sent the ball of my second barrel crashing through his brain. He was a man-eater—nay, more—his tracks revealed that he was the man-eater that I had been after for so long, for there was a drag in the left hind leg that showed he was lame; and this, moreover, accounted for his stealing on to his victim instead of springing in the usual way. His hide was not worth tanning, much less of preserving, but the 100 dols. Government bounty was some satisfaction for its worthlessness as a trophy. Man-eaters are almost, without exception, mangy and lean, owing, it is said, to the saltiness of human flesh, and they are very nearly always old or otherwise decrepit, else they would not take to such a means of livelihood.

A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

HOW THEY CATCH WOODCOCKS IN FRANCE.

Content he wanders, or beneath the shade
Of scatter'd hollies turns with curious bill
The fall'n leaves, to find his hidden food.

THIS is the time to catch the plump and juicy "cock," according to our vivacious Gallic contemporary, *Le Sport*. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—"The fowler must procure a dress of the colour of dead leaves (*feuille-mort*); his face must be covered with a mask of the same colour, having two holes in the place of eyes. As soon as he sees the woodcock he goes upon his knees, resting his arm on two sticks, to keep himself motionless. The woodcock will not perceive him as he walks gently upon his knees to get near to the bird. The fowler has in his hands two small *baquettes*, the ends of which are dressed with red cloth. When the woodcock is stationary he gently knocks the *baquettes* together. This noise amuses and distracts the bird. The fowler approaches nearer, and ends by casting a noose over the cock's neck, attached to the end of a stick. And know this, that woodcocks are the most silly birds in the world." We fancy we have read something like this in "Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance;" but no matter: "they evidently do these things better in France" than we do in this "jaded" island. Indeed, we should not be surprised to hear that the woodcocks were bred to the purpose, as they are not so stupid over here.

A HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND.

Somebody has sent us a German contemporary sporting paper called *Der Waidmann*. From it we learn that the editor,

Herr von Ivernois, invites the editor of our New York contemporary, *Forest and Stream*, to visit him at Gorach-Thal, near Tamsieg, in the Duchy of Salzburg, in Austria, "where," says the German editor, "we have stags, roebucks, and chamois. There is also good trout-fishing. There are 25,000 acres of land, and no one has the privilege of hunting there but myself, or such guests as I may invite." As a matter of course our genial American contemporary will accept this kind invitation. And, if we might throw out a hint to the hospitable German sportsman, we should say invite a few more sporting editors to complete the réunion. We know of one who will not refuse; and it is possible that the editor of the *Field* might be induced to go, provided he is allowed to expatriate upon the supposed merits of his "Greener" choke-bore.

WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING.

A nice bird is the common wild goose. I mean the "Bean Goose," or, as Frank Buckland would say, the *Anser ferus*. Yes, This I know, that thou art very fine

Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine.

In early spring they alight in green bean-fields and play the deuce with them, feeding greedily, and literally "stuffing" themselves with beans. These birds fly out to sea by day, and inland by night. The latter time is best for the "flight shooter," and on Tuesday last I "winged" the goose I send to your office, killing two more dead with two discharges from a 10-bore double gun built for me by Reilly and Co., of Oxford-street, and firing Moore and Gray's long-range wire cartridges.

A NORFOLK BIFFIN.

[Thanks for the goose. As usual, however, with birds from your neighbourhood, it tasted "fishy." —Ed. ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.]

MEASURING DISTANCE.

Referring to the new instrument called "The Macrometer," and which is manufactured by Messrs. Steward, the opticians, Strand, the *Army and Navy Gazette* says:—"The necessity has long been felt of having some handy means by which the distance of an object might be rapidly and accurately ascertained. Captain Poste for three years laboured at his idea, and finally perfecting it, submitted his invention for the consideration of the War Office authorities. The result was a unanimous approval, and several 'macrometers' were at once ordered to be manufactured, that an exhaustive trial might be made, and we believe that in a short time each regiment in the service will be supplied with one of these instruments. Several great advantages are obtained by the macrometer. Any base can be used, whether in paces or yards, the scale on the arm being set to whatever the base-line measures; and, the observation being taken, the distance is at once read off on a peculiar calculated curve placed on a part called the 'fan,' the distance always being given in 'yards.' Again, it is as easy to measure the distance of a moving object as one that is stationary. In making rapid surveys and for measuring land it is invaluable, the divisions on the arm being contrived so as to read chains and links; thus 835 would read eight chains thirty-five links. We congratulate Captain Poste on the successful issue of his study of the question, and the service generally on having secured an invention which will enable the rifle, and, indeed, artillery, to be used with deadly effect in the field."

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THE members of the International Gun and Polo Club had a good afternoon's sport, on Monday last, at Preston, near Brighton. The winners of the one-sov handicaps were Mr. Crawshaw, Captain Edwards, Captain Sydney, Captain Vaughan, and Mr. G. R. Cross. An Optional Handicap Sweepstakes at five birds each was won by Captain Vaughan, who was successful after a tie with Captain Edwards and Mr. Wright. The next meeting of this club will be on Thursday, Dec. 2, instead of Monday; and on that occasion a handsome silver goblet will be presented free, to be shot for in a Handicap Sweepstakes at six birds each.

THE GRAND FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE BRIGHTON PAVILION.

THE fancy-dress ball of the International Gun and Polo Club, in the Brighton Pavilion, on the 2nd proximo, is confidently expected to be the most brilliant event of the Brighton season. The committee are sparing no pains in the floral decoration of the various rooms and corridors. Especial care will be taken to provide a programme of the newest and liveliest dance music and some of the most skilful instrumentalists of the day to execute it. That indispensable adjunct of a really successful ball, a good supper, will also be forthcoming, no doubt. With the promise of all these attractions, the International Gun and Polo and Grand Hunt ball is, not unnaturally, looked forward to with general interest in fashionable circles, whilst the demand for vouchers continues unabated.

A LAMBETH LAMENT.

A DREADFUL rumour's now afloat,
A-causin' quite a hubbub
Among the folks in slums remote
All round the Lambeth "suburb."
It makes us droop (this awful noos)
Like any fading flower,
Which says as how we'll shortly lose
The Bower!

That house in Upper Marsh was e'er
Our favourite theaytre.
They gave us startlin' pieces there,
Such actin'—true to natur'.
We wept to hear the maiden shriek
At "Mother Brownrigg's" power—
And "Sweeney Todd" would make us seek
The Bower!

Dick Turpin with his famed Black Bess
Would fill us all with wonder;
And "Grindoff," in his robber's dress,
Upheld the "blood-and-thunder."
Cartouche we thought a "proper" play—
My tears fall in a shower,
To think they want to take away
Our Bower!

Shall we put up with this 'ere thing;
Shall Stangate be invaded?
No, to our playhouse let us cling,
And not be thus degraded.
What ho! to arms, and take the field,
Let battle's storm-clouds lower—
We'll not, without a struggle, yield
The Bower! H. C. N.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[ADVR.]

RACING FIXTURES FOR 1876.

JANUARY.

South Country Hunt 24

FEBRUARY.

Eltham Spring	1, 2 Doncaster Hunt	21, 22
Birmingham	8, 9 Streatham	22, 23
Bromley Spring	15, 16	

MARCH.

Croydon March	7, 8, 9 Northampton	28, 29
Bristol	14, 15, 16 Curraghmore Hunt (Ireland)	29, 30
Swindon	17, 18 Warwick	30, 31

APRIL.

Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Spring	4, 5 West Drayton	17, 18
Croydon April	6, 7 Streatham	17, 18
Thursl	6, 7 Lichfield Spring	18, 19
Windsor Spring	7, 8 Newmarket Craven	18, 19, 20, 21
Durham	17, 18 Epsom Spring	25, 26
Manchester Spring	17, 18 Punchestown (Ireland)	25, 26
Enfield Steeplechases	17, 18	

MAY.

Eastbourne	1 Lewes Spring	19, 20
Meath Hunt (Ireland)	2 Bath	23, 24
Newmarket First Spring	2, 3, 4, 5 Wye	24
Down Royal (Maze) (Ireland)	4 Tipperary (Ireland)	24, 25
Chester	9, 10, 11, 12 Harpenden	26
Ipswich	11, 12 Epsom Summer	30, 31
Newmarket Second Spring	16, 17, 18	

JUNE.

Epsom Summer (continued)	1, 2 Ascot	13, 14, 15, 16
Maidstone	5 Windsor June	20, 21
West Drayton	5, 6 Hampton	22, 23
Eltham Summer	5, 6 Odham	27
Manchester Summer	6, 7, 8, 9 Birbury	28
Croydon Summer	7, 8 Stockbridge	29, 30

JULY.

Carlisle	4, 5 Liverpool July	12, 13, 14
Sutton Park Summer	4, 5 Huntingdon	18, 19
Newmarket July	4, 5, 6, 7 Goodwood	25, 26, 27, 28
Nottingham July	11, 12	

AUGUST.

Brighton	1, 2 Stockton	15, 16, 17
Brighton Club	3 Oxford	17, 18
Lewes	4, 5 Streatham	21, 22
Croydon Bank Holiday	7 York	22, 23, 24
Windsor August	10, 11 Croydon August	25, 26
Walsall	14, 15 Sutton Park	29, 30
Egham	15, 16	

SEPTEMBER.

Richmond	5, 6 Derby	19, 20
Warwick	5, 6 West Drayton	19, 20
Canterbury	7, 8 Wester (Ayr)	20, 21, 22
Doncaster	12, 13, 14, 15 Newmarket First October	26, 27, 28

OCTOBER.

Lichfield	3, 4 Coventry	17, 18
Kelso	4, 5, 6 Croydon October	17, 18
Streatham	5, 6 Bromley Autumn	19, 20
Leicester Autumn	5, 6 Newmarket Houghton	
Newmarket Second October	9, 10, 11, 12, 13	23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28

NOVEMBER.

Streatham November	6, 7 Warwick	21, 22, 23, 24
Liverpool Autumn	7, 8, 9, 10 Croydon November	28, 29, 30
Shrewsbury	14, 15, 16, 17	

Hunting.

THE meet of Her Majesty's Staghounds, on Tuesday, was at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, and, as the weather was fine, the field was a very large one. The stag, Captain, was uncarted at Bradbury's Farm, Long-lane, on the estate of Sir C. Mills, Bart., M.P.; but instead of making for Harrow, as was desired, it dashed amongst the people congregated near the cart, knocked several of them down, and ran into the rick-yard, presently getting away in the direction of Ickenham. Turning just beyond the village, it proceeded through Sakeley, the estate of Mr. T. T. Clarke, and, passing at the back of the grand old mansion, with the hounds and huntsmen in full cry, ran through a wood and across the fields to Uxbridge-common, where it took refuge in a large sheet of water known as Belmont Pond. Here, in consequence of the depth of the water, it kept the hounds at bay for about a quarter of an hour, and ultimately got away again towards Harefield and Pinner, affording the field one of the most brilliant runs of the season. There were several casualties during the early part of the day's sport, but not of a serious nature.

Lord Middleton's hounds had what is popularly known as a "town" meet on Monday last, the rendezvous being Hildenley Hall, near Malton, the residence of Sir Charles Strickland. We read in the *Yorkshire Post* that, although the day was anything but favourable, there was a large field—fully one hundred horsemen, besides many on foot, assembling. Punctual to time, the noble M.F.H. drove up to the hall, and the order was given to try the wood close by; but this proved blank, and the hounds were put into Starkey's wood, opposite the hall. No sooner in than a splendid burst of music betokened that reynard was at home, and a ringing "Tally Ho!" from the anxious field announced that he was seen. That "they" were seen should have been said, as two fine foxes broke cover together; but the pack went off on one scent, and came crashing up the hill into Hildenley-wood, right amongst the feet of the footmen, who had the best of the sport for the next hour and a half. The "cunning one" only once left the wood, and he was then headed by the spectators. Backwards and forward, in and out, he dodged more than once with the hounds within five yards of him, and yet he baffled them after all, the exciting game being kept up in view of the field, the mounted portion of which could not join in, however, for more than an hour. A move was next



ON THE ROAD TO SIMLA.

said that when they considered the number of hounds kept in England, and that in Kent there were four or five packs, he thought hunting might truly be called a national sport. It was a curious thing that wherever Englishmen got together they managed to get up a pack of hounds. In Gibraltar, even, they had got up one, and in the south of France another. He himself had seen men in India put on their breeches at four o'clock in the morning to be at the covert side by five. Fox-hunters in India had to ride over a most difficult country, and to encounter obstacles altogether unknown in England. It was said sometimes that because countries were rough they did not show sport. He was very lucky in one thing. He happened to be in one of the finest runs ever known in Kent or Surrey. It occurred some twelve years ago. They met at Godstone, and found just above. The fox faced the valley directly, and he went away and they killed him at Hammerwood Forest, near East Grinstead. This was the best run the Old Surrey ever had. They afterwards measured the distance, and found it was thirty-three miles from point to point. They could not have changed foxes, because they were bound to go through a country where foxes were not preserved, and they had hardly touched cover, only a few shaws now and then. He recollects that the last time he saw the late Lord Derby, who was in Tunbridge Wells a few months before he died, his Lordship referred to his hunting fifty years before with his father's staghounds, and said he so thoroughly

well recollects the run that he could point out if he went out the exact place where they took the deer. Lord Derby also said he regretted that he had been obliged to take to politics, for he thought if he had gone in for hunting he would have enjoyed life more, and certainly would have kept off the gout. He had ventured to touch lightly upon the accidents of fox-hunting, and he would allude as lightly to the drawbacks. There were drawbacks to every sport. There were such things as broken fences, and, unfortunately, the foxes ate pheasants, and they ate chickens too. But, as he had said before, all the difficulties could be overcome by a spirit of goodwill and conciliation. In his opinion, foxes did far less harm than rabbits.

SWIMMING-RACES for various prizes will take place at the Charing-cross Floating Bath (the only warm-water swimming bath in London) on Wednesday, Dec. 8. Gentlemen desirous of competing can obtain full particulars at the bath or from the secretary, 25, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

LIVERPOOL, JULY, 1877.—We are requested to call attention to the closing, on Tuesday, Nov. 30, of a new stake for present yearlings to run at Liverpool, July, 1877, then three-year-olds. Its title is the St. George's Stakes, 500 sovereigns added money being given to a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 ft., and 4 only if struck out by the first Tuesday in April, 1877, distance one mile and three quarters.

ON THE ROAD TO SIMLA.

OUR Sketch is taken, as its title states, on the road from Kalka to that elysium of Anglo-Indians, Simla. Anyone who has travelled through the magnificent passes of the Himalayas, along the verge of deep "khuds" clothed with every species of luxuriant vegetation, while overhead tower dark pines, and far away in the distance the highest peaks of the snowy range shine luminous above the clouds, will at once recognise the faithfulness of our artist's illustration. Here brawls a mountain stream, across which lies the prostrate trunk of some giant mountain pine. Higher up, seen through the branches of the sombre foliage, are the rhododendron-clothed sides of the hills along the summit of which runs the road to Intog and Simla.

We would fain hope that the Prince of Wales may find time to visit Simla, for we are sure that in no part of the world is grander scenery to be found, and that the Prince will be well repaid for such a departure from his programme, even though it be in winter, when the hills are certainly not to be seen in all their perfection. Still, any scenic deficiency (if such be possible) that there may be in the panorama of the Himalayan range will be well compensated for by the sport which abounds in these regions when the snow is on the ground, and which would be worth a Jew's-eye to such an ardent "shekarry" as the Prince has shown himself to be.